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## REVIEWS

State Papers published under the Authority of His Majesty's Commission. Vol. V. *King Henry the Eighth.*

WE now come to the fifth volume of this valuable collection. In the summer of 1534, Henry sent Lord William Howard to his nephew, with a present of horses and apparel, and with the offer of the garter; but, that in the midst of this apparent cordiality he kept a watchful eye upon Scotland, is proved by his sending soon after Barlo, (subsequently bishop of St. David's,) ostensibly "on our behalf, touchinge the encrease of perfect love and amitie betwene Us, and the weale of bothe our Realmes," but, in reality, to supply the place of Magnus, and act as a spy. It also appears, from a letter of Otterbourne, that Barlo was commissioned to sound the king, respecting the Reformation. Still, the marriage of James was delayed, and, in the summer of 1536, broken off. Meanwhile, the persecution (we can scarcely find a milder term) which James endured from his uncle's ambassadors, "touchinge the newe religions," produced the effect which the English council might have expected,—it attached him more firmly to the ancient faith. A letter from Queen Margaret, addressed to Henry, and evidently confidential, prays him not to desire the king, his nephew, to take "your new constitutions of ye Scripture": but Henry, who was now engaged in suppressing the monasteries, still pressed for a meeting, which the council, either fearing that James might be entrapped into some unwary concession, or, perhaps, be seized upon by his tender uncle, greatly opposed. Henry, however, persisted, and proposed a meeting at York, fourteen days before Michaelmas. This, James first consented to, and then refused. Towards the close of the year James went over to France, and contracted a marriage with the Princess Magdalene, which was solemnized on the 1st of January. The bride was in a consumption when he married her, and survived scarcely more than six months. But Henry had now no daughter whom he wished to offer to his nephew; for Mary was disgraced, and the infant Elizabeth declared illegitimate; and he seems to have considered that to possess himself of Scotland as victor, would be preferable to obtaining it by alliance. Still his conduct was ostensibly friendly; he sent Sadleir into Scotland with protestations to his dear nephew of his steadfast amity, and urged him again to throw off his allegiance to "the bishop of Rome." Nor when James contracted his second marriage with Mary of Guise, does Henry appear openly to have expressed dissatisfaction. At this period, the Abbot of Arbroath, David Betoun, subsequently Cardinal, first comes prominently forward. In 1538 he was sent by James on an embassy to Henry, and it seems that it was mainly owing to his counsels that James continued firm in his ancient faith. All this time, and during the next year, the two countries seem to have been in a state of armed neutrality; and while Henry directs the border landholders to prepare "all suche habile men as you can make and furnishe for the warre," he writes to his dearest brother and nephew, expressing his joy at "your great affection, and the encrease of the amitie betwene us, our realmes, and subjecttes." The following complaint of Wriothesley is curious:—

"And also it shall lyke you tunderstande that uppon the arryvall of the said Mr Sadler there wer conveyed hither from Scotland sundry litel bookes imprinted; and, amonges other, one intituled 'the Trompet of Honour,' wherin in the veray titling 'in the furst front of the boke the King your Maister take the uppon Him a peece of the title of the Kinges Majestie, being the King your Maister therein called Defensour of the Christien Feith, wherby His Majestie shuld have greute cause to think more thenne unkindnes, if He wold willingly take his title uppon Him. And the conjecture is the more pricking, because He added therto the Christien Feith, as though there shuld be any other then the Christien Feith, whiche semethe to have an other meanyng in it thenne oon good Prince canne thinke of an other, moche lesse a freende of his freende, or a nepheue of his uncle, if he wold shewe himself to esteeme his freendeship."

In December 1541 a meeting was appointed between Henry and James, to be held at York, on the 15th of January, "for mutual communication to be amongis thame, to the encreasing of all hartlie lufe and favour." This meeting, however, did not take place, and James appears to have proposed a reference to the King of France as umpire between them. In answer to this proposal, Henry declares that, "In kindness and frendly dealing, we can give no place unto him, nor any other;" and while he waives the offer of the French king's arbitration, assures him of "the hartie and tender love we bear unto him," and that "we wolde do him as muche gode and honour as he wolde himselfe." Yet, at this very time a plan was under consideration to cause his nephew to be seized, and brought prisoner into England. The following address of the Privy Council has no date, but it could not have been written later than February or March, and at this time the plot seems to have been matured, and to have received the king's approbation:—

"Sir, we have been together according to your commaundement, and have considered the contentes of the letter sent from Sir Thomas Wharton, whiche conteyneth two pointes, thone a matier touching John Heron, whiche is extended in to two branches, thother an overtoure touching the King of Scottes.

"Nowe, Sir, to the seconde, concerning the King of Scottes. Surely, Sir, we take it to be a matier of marvelous greute importance, and of suche sort and nature, considering it toucheth the taking of the person of a King in his owne realme, and by the subgettes of his uncle, not being in enmytie with Him, but resting uppon his answer and the sending of commissioners for all matiers whiche hath been in question betwene You, that, *onles Your Majeste had commaunded us expressly to consideir it, we wold have been afraid to have thought on suche a matier touching a Kinges persone, standing the termes as they stande betwene You.*

"But, Sir, we have also wayed that matier afre our symple wittes and judgments accordingly, and we fynde in it many difficulties.

"First we consideir that the castle, wherunto He resortethe, is myles within the gronde of Scotlande.

"We consideir also, that the cuntry betwene that and Englande is so well inhabited, that it shuld be very difficile to conveye any suche number of men to the place, where He shuld be intercepted, but the same wold be discovered.

"We consideir again, that Doonfrese, oon of the best townes in Scotlande, is in that parte where thentreprise shuld be doon; and the cuntry soo inhabited at their backes, that, if it were doon, it wold be harde to bring Him thens, specially alyve.

"Nowe, Sir, for the daungers of it. If the thing

should be attempted, and by treason discovered, as we thinke surely it could not bee doon but summe Scottes must be of counsaill, and the partie theruppon taken, and enforced to confesse their purpose; what slaunder shuld growe of it, yea, what deadly fode shuld ensue of it, Your Majesties highe wisdom can moche better consideir, then we can think or divise.

"On thother side, if they shuld take Him, it is undoubtedly to be thought, that either He shalbe rescued, and the partie also apprehended, or elles in the tumult He shalbe in daunger of his lief amonges them. And what perill and slaunder is in either of these partes, your wisdom can best consideir.

"Therfor, Sir, the daungers and difficulties be soo greute herin, and the matier of suche weight, as we dare not give our advices to the following of it, but rather thinke it mete, undre Your Majestes correction, that Wharton, who hath, we thinke, had a good meanyng in it, shuld nevertheles surcease, and make no living creature privye to any suche matier, onles by your commaundment, uppon other matier, hereafter he shuld be further advertised."

These arguments, we may suppose, prevailed, for no more is said on this disgraceful subject. But James, ignorant of his uncle's perfidy, still writes urgently for peace. Henry, however, now prepared to throw off the mask, and caused the following letter to be written, most probably with a view to his subsequent manifesto:—

"The Priey Council to the Archbishop of York.

"After our right hartly commendacions to Your good Lordship. Myndyng to have the Kyngs Majesties title to the realme of Scotland more fully playnly and clerey set fourth to all the world, that the justnes of our quarell and demaunde may apere; we have apoynted certaigne lerned men to travaille in the same. And, forbycawse we know that your Lordship in tymes past hath taken som paynes in the same thyng, we pray you not only to cawse all your old registers and auncient places to be sought, where you thynk eny thyng may be founde for the more clerer declaration to the world of His Majesties title to that realme, and so what shalbe fownd to certifie us therof accordingly; but also to signifie unto us, what auncient chartres and monumetes for that purpose you have sene, and wher the same are to be sought for.† Thus prayyng yow to do with all convenient expedition, we byd Your Lordship hartely farwell."

Subsequent letters refer to the assembling of the Scots army at Lauder, and their subsequent dispersion. This dispersion, and the rout at Solway Moss, preyed so deeply on the unhappy king's mind, that ere he could reply to Henry's letter respecting the murder of the Somerset herald, he was dead,—leaving a newly-born daughter inheritrice of his crown and of his misfortunes.

The death of James rendered Cardinal Betoun the most powerful noble in the kingdom; and, although Arran was the ostensible governor, yet all the letters of this period prove how earnestly Henry and his council watched the proceedings and feared the influence of this wily churchman. Scarcely was the infant Mary a month old ere proposals were made, indirectly indeed, but certainly by Henry's direction, for her marriage with Prince Edward. Viscount Lisle writes thus the day after her father's funeral:—

"Remembering the message the said Erle of Arran sent unto me by John Herons priest, I thought I had good oportunitie to question with the said pursuivant apart. And, devising of many matters concerning the governaunce of the realme, I asked hym where

† This was doubtless with a view to the manifesto of Henry VIII., printed in Hall's Chronicle, 34 H. VIII.

the yonge Princes was kepte, and he said with the Quene, and nursed in her owne chambre. I asked hym what devices they had of her for a husband, and he said that there was many wise and sadde men that wished her to my lorde Prince of England. I asked hym what manner a man thErlie of Aren was, and he said that he ys a grett faveorer of the scripture, and a man (as he thought) of a very good consience; and showed me that he willed hym to sey unto me, that luke what service he coule do to the Kinge of England, and yt shulde be at his commandment. Wherupon I desired hym to do my message unto hym, shewing hym that, for the good reporte that I had harde of hym, and for his gentell recommendations with his message sent unto me by the preiste, I wolde wishe that he wolde so remember hym self to make an humble petition to the Kinges Majestie, my Sovereigne Lorde, that yt might stand with His Graces pleasure to take the yonge Princes of Scotland, and to bestowe Her unto my Lorde Prince; and in thus doing he shall do hym self a better torne than he ys warr of. And the pursivant said that he thought yt were possible that he shuld so do, saing that he was a sober man and coveted no grett thinges of the worlde."

The apparently unmeaning question "where the yonge Princess was kepte," was not asked without forethought; for in King Henry's answer to Lisle he discloses two plans, for which henceforward he laboured unceasingly,—the seizure of the young princess, and the destruction of Betoun. Surely, Mary of Guise had little cause to love the adherents of the reformed faith, when, during the very first months of her widowhood, they were ceaseless in their plots to snatch her infant and only child from her, and deprive her of her crown:—

"King Henry VIII. to Lisle.

"Right trusty and right welbelovyd Cousin, We grete you wel. Lating you wit, that considering with Ourself that We doo at this tyme steve our sworde, and force lieng on the Bordures, and that We be not yet by any certain meane assured that the borderers of Scotland shall doo the semblable, We have thought that it shuld moche conferre bothe to the surety of our Bordures, and to the advancement of the strenght and force of our partie, to have a proclamation made upon all our Marches, that whatsoever borderure wolle come in to you within 15 dayes next aftre the making of the same, and promise to stand with Us in the first article concerning the getting of the child in to our handes, and the government of that realme, subscribing his hande to the same, and also that he shal not attempt any displeasure to our Realme and subgettes, the same so cummyng in and promising as aforesaid, to be taken as our freende to be soo used; and he that wolle not soo doo to be reputed as an enemye to Us and our purpose in that behaulf, and to be used as an enemye as oportunitie shall serve for the same. \* \* Furthermore, you shal understande that, albeit it is specified in our former letters and instructions to Mr Southwell you and Sir Thomas Wharton, that the special cause of thentreprise to be nowe made, upon the consultation had aminges them at Darneton, is to get the child, the person of the Cardinal, and of suche as be chief lettes of our purpose, and also of the chief holdes and fortresses, in to our handes; yet no mention is made, to whom the said castles and fortresses shal in that cace be delivered. Wherefor, like as we have also writen to Sir Richard Southwell therin, and willed him to signifie our pleasure in the same to the Lordes at Darneton, and of thole to geve you advertisement; soo We have thought mete to require you that, in cace our 4000 men shal entre upon the resolution of this consultation, you wolle instructe all our chieftaynes and counsaillours, that shal entre, to have special regard to that point. And, when it shal come in question aminges them, to whose custody any of the said fortresses shalbe delivered, albeit they shal in no wise seeme to mistrust the Scottes, yet they shal benede asmoche as they may, that the same may in dede be appointed to summe Englishe man, having also special regard that befor they departe out of the cuntry, they see the said hold furnishid with vitall munition ordonance and all thinges necessary, according to the purpourt of our letters writen to the said Richard Southwell accordingly."

Among the prisoners taken at Solway Moss was the Earl of Cassilis; and his chivalrous honour in returning to Henry rather than forfeit his word, has been eulogized by many writers, and Bishop Burnet compares him to Regulus! These State Papers, however, prove that he was a base spy and a traitor. Soon after Cassilis' return, with three other lords, Betoun was thrown into prison; and it seems probable enough that secret instructions from Henry to his party in Scotland was the cause. But Betoun was too powerful for his enemies; the Romish clergy refused to perform mass while their cardinal lay in prison. After being kept until April, he was released; whether by acquiescence of Henry is uncertain, although, from the following minute of the Privy Council to Sadleir, it seems that he was most anxious to bring over the Cardinal to his views:—

"And where you write that the Cardynal sheweth himself still moche desirous to speake with you, His Highnes pleasure is, that, if he come to Edinburgh, you shall speake with him according to his desire; or if he com not, yet, when this busines shalbe doon, that you may have any laisour, you shal repaire to him to St Andrews; and when you shall have hard him at length, you shall of yourself remembre, and inculce unto him, the greete commodities that might ensue by their leaving of Fraunce and the uniting of these two Realmes together, with thincommodities of the contrary partie; and you shal adde to it, of yourself, that you may thinke it wold be harde to perswade him to leave Fraunce, because he hath there a Bishopriche; but you may save that you knowe the clemencye and kindnes of His Majesties nature to be suche, that if he wolle frankly work, and shewe himself to have more regarde in these thinges to the comen we[al], then to his pryvate commoditie, and in respect thereof set his benefice in Fraunce at nought, you doubt not but he shuld shortly have as good or a better Bishopriche, then that is, in England; wherein if he will frankly and frendly byd you, you wold work for hym and be his minister. And what you shal doo in all the premisses, His Majestie desireth you to advertise Him with all diligence."

These instructions are dated May 1st. What answer the Cardinal made to these proposals does not appear; but we know that, in the subsequent war, he was the main support of what has been termed the French party, but which was, in reality, the patriot party, since they fought to prevent their infant queen being carried into England, and for the independence of their country. But Henry could not endure that his menaces and proffers of favour should be alike rejected by the churchman; and in April, 1544, Hertford thus writes to the King:—

"Please it Your Highnes to understonde, that this day arryved here with me, thErlie of Hertforde, a Scottish man called Wysshert, and brought me a letter from the Lorde of Brunstone, which I sende Your Highnes herewith. And, according to his request, have take order for the repaire of the said Wysshert to Your Majestie by post, both for the delivere of such letters as he hath to Your Majestie from the said Brunstone, and also for the declaration of his credence, whiche (as I can perceyve by him) consisteth in two poyntes; one is, that the Lorde of Graunge late Tresourer of Scotland, the Master of Rothers thErlie of Rothers eldest son, and John Charters, wolde attempte eyther to apprehend or slee the Cardynall at some tyme when he shal passe thorough the Fyf lande, as he doth sondry tymes to St Andrews; and, in case they can so apprehend him, wolle deliver him unto Your Majestie: which attempte he sayeth they wolde enterprise, if they knew Your Majesties pleasure therein, and what supportacion and mayntenance Your Majestie wolde mynister unto them after the execution of the same, in case they shulde be perswaded afterwarde by any of their enemies. The other is, that, in case Your Majestie wolde graunt unto them a convenient enterteynement for to kepe 1000 or 1500 men in wages for a month or two, they, joyning with the power of thErlie Marshall, the said Master of

Rothers, the Lorde of Calder, and others of the Lorde Greys frendes, wolle take upon them, at such tyme as Your Majesties armye shalbe in Scotland, to distroye the abbey and towne of Arbrogh, being the Cardynalles, and all thother Bisshoppes and Abbottes houses and countreyes on that syde the water thereabouts, and apprehende all those whiche they say be the principall impugnators of the amnye betwene Englande and Scotlande; for the which they shulde have a good oportunitie, as they say, when the power of the said Busshoppes and Abbottes shall resorte towards Edenburgh to resist Your Majesties armye. And, for the execution of these thinges, the said Wysser sayeth, that the said Erle Marshall and others afore named wolle capitulate with Your Majestie in writing under their handes and seales, aforesaid they shall desyr any supplie or ayde of money at Your Majesties handes. This is theft of his credence, with other sondry advertisementes of the grete contention and devison that is at this present within the realme of Scotland, which we doubt not he wolle declare unto Your Majestie at good length."

What answer Henry returned to this letter does not appear: his feelings must, however, have been well known, and his principles too, for such an atrocious proposition to have been so openly made. Meanwhile Cassilis makes a journey into England; and, on his return, the Privy Council assure him that he shall "finde the sequele of the same, as moche to his benefice as he can reasonably requyre." In May, 1545, a letter from Cassilis, in cipher, is forwarded to the king, most probably containing the offer mentioned in the following extraordinary letter, addressed by the Privy Council to Hertford, and in the handwriting of secretary Paget:—

"After our most hartie commendacions unto Your good Lordshippe. It may lyke the same to understand that the Kinges Majestie, having of late sene certain lettres sent from thErlie of Casseles unto Mr Sadleir; the one conteynyn an offre for the kyllyng of the Cardynall, if His Majestie wold have it done, and wold promise, when it wer don, a reward; the other excusinge the change of their purpose for sendyng of one from them to mete with Mr Sadleir upon the Borders, and requyring that John Forster, who they say beyng prisoner may cum well without suspicion, shulde be sent to comyn with them, and aswell to signifie unto them the Kinges Majesties pleasure towards them, as to here agayne what they wold do for their partes: To the first poynt His Majestie hath willed us to signifie unto your Lordship, that His Highnes, reputing the fact not mete to be set forward expressly by His Majestie, will not seme to have to do in it; and yet not mislyking the offre, thinkyth good that Mr Sadleir, to whom that letre was addressed, shoulde write to thErlie of the receipt of his letre conteynynng such an offre, which he thinketh not convenient to be communicated to the Kinges Majestie: mary, to write to hym what he thinketh of the matter, (he shall say) that if he wer in thErlie of Casseles place, and wer as able to do His Majestie good service there, as he knowyth hym to be, and thynkyth a right good will in hym to do it, he wold surely do what he coule for the execution of it, belevyng verily to do thereby not only acceptable service to the King's Majestie, but also a special benefite to the realme of Scotland, and wold trust verily the Kinges Majestie wold conside his service in the same; as you doubt not, of his accustomed goodnes to them which serve him, but he wold do the same to hym."

Was there ever a more atrocious bargaining about murder among the banditti of "Papistical" Spain and Italy? and yet to this document we find appended the names of Suffolk, Wriothesley, Russel, and Essex! Hertford promptly replies:

"And, whereas we have perceyved Your Majesties pleasure signified unto me, the said Erle, by letters from the Lordes of Your Highnes Counsaill, not only for the sending into Scotland Thomas Forster to confer with thErlis of Angwishe, Glencarne, and Cassels, George Dowglas, and others, according to the said Erle of Casseles desire, by his letters wrytten to me, Sir Rauf Sadleir, in that behalf, but also what Your Majesties pleasure is, that I the said Sir Rauf shall wryte agayne to the said Erle of Casseles

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in the matter touching the Cardynall, I the said Erle of Hertforde have sent for the said Thomas Forster, upon whose arrayall Your Majesties pleasure in those two poyntes shalbe accomplished accordingly."

Thomas Forster, having returned from his mission,—

"Saith that, many and sondry tymes, George Dowglas said to him, that such men as have promysed to be true to the Kyng are greatly desirous to knowe what the Kinges goodnes shuld be unto theym, yf yt shuld chaunce Scotland to have the overhand of England, they taking his part and setting furthe his affayres, who being then knowne to followe his desires might not tarry in Scotland, and therefore are desirous to know howe they shuld be used in suche cases. He saith also, that the said George Dowglas willed him to tell my Lord Lieutenant that, yf the Kyng wold have the Cardynall dead, yf His Grace wold promyse a good reward for the doing thereof, so that the reward were knowne what yt shuld be, the country being lawles as yt ys, he thinketh that that adventure wold be proved; for he saith the comen saying ys, that the Cardynall ys tholow occasion of the warre, and ys smally beloved in Scotland; and then yf he were dead by that meanes, howe that reward shuld be paid; but he saith, yf that reward were promysed, yf the thing were put in adventure and not don, there shuld be no reward given, nor none demanded."

Next comes a letter from Sadleir, in which it is difficult to decide whether the disgusting cant, or cool premeditation of murder, is most horrible:—

"After my right hartie commendations. I have received your letters by Robert Lyster this bearer, with also your letters addressed to the Kinges Majestie, whiche shalbe despatched hens to His Highnes with suche speede as appertayneth.

"In one parte of your saided letters I note chieffie that certayn gentilmien beyng your freendes have offered, for a small summe of money, to take him oute of the waye, that hath been the hole workor of all your myschief, and the principall impediment and lett of all good purposes there, so that they might be sure to have the Kinges Majestie their good lorde, and that His Majestie woulde reward them for the same.

"Of this I judge that you meane the Cardinall, whome I knowe to be somuche blynded with his owne affection to France, that, to please the same, he seeth not, but utterly contempnyth, all things tending to the weale and benefite of his owne country; and in dede hitherto he hath been the onelie cause and workor of all your myschief, and wooll, if he continew, be undoubtedly the utter ruine and confusion of the same. Wherefore I am of your opinion, and, as you wryte, thinke it to be acceptable service to God to take hym oute of the waye, whiche in suche sorte dothe not onelie asmuache as in him is to obscure the glorie of God, but also to confounde the common weale of his owne country. And, albeit the Kinges Majestie, whose gracioux nature and goodness I knowe wooll not, I am sure, have to doo ne meddle with this matter touching your suide Cardinall, for soundrie considerations, yet, if you could so worke the matter with those gentlemen your freendes, whiche have made that offer, that it maye take effect, yow shall undoubtedly doo therein good service bothe to God and to His Majestie, and a singular benefite to your country. Wherefore, lyke as if I were in your place, it shulde be the first thing I woulde earnestlie attempt, thinking thereby, for the respectes aforesaide, chieffie to please God, and to doo good to my country, so I shall give yow myne advise to travaile in the same effectualle with the suide gentlemen your freendes, and to cause them to putt the matter in execution; assuring yow that I knowe the Kinges Majesties honour liberalitie and goodnes to be suche (whiche also is not unknowne to yow), as yow maye be sure His Majestie wooll so liberrallie reward them that doo His Highness honest service [!] as they shall have good cause to be contented. And, if the execution of this matter doo rest onelie upon the reward of the Kinges Majestie to suche as shalbe the executors of the same, I praye yow advertise me, what rewardes they doo requyer, and if it be not unreasonable, because I have been in your country for the christen weale that I beare [!] to the common weale of the

same, I wooll undertake it shalbe payed immediatlie upon the acte executed, though I doo myselfe beare the charge of the same, whiche I woold thinke well employed. For surelie, if he were taken a waye, who is the roote of all your myserie, your country woulde soone flourishe with Goddes woorde and his trouthe, and" &c.

Still the sentenced Cardinall lived on; and Henry, in September, as though in despair of his already hired assassins completing their task, thus writes to Hertford, through the medium of the Privy Council:—

"And, where by your sayd letters yow advertise of certain Frenchmen of Lorges bande, which have alledre rendered them selves unto yow desiring to know his Majestes pleasure whatt yow shall doo if any greater number of them shall sue to make the lyke submission; His Majeste, thinking it scarsly good policye to give credite to any men of thatt nation, with whom His Highnes hath mortall warres, except some thing was by them fyrst doone thatt might give good occasion thereunto, thinketh good thatt, if they shall make any meanes to yow for that purpose, you shall give them such awnser as is aforesaid, and therefore advise them to doo some notable damage or displeasure to thememes before their cummyng there; as trapping or kylling the Cardinall, Lorges, the Governor, or some other man of estimation, whereby it may appere that they beare the hartye good mynde to sarve in deed; which thing if they shall have doon, your Lordshipp may promyse them nott only to accept their service, butt also to give them such rewardes, as they shall have good cause to be therewith right well contented."

But no Frenchman adventured; Betoun remained in safety at St. Andrew's during the whole winter: at length, on the 29th of May, 1546, Lindsay sent the following letter to Wharton:—

"Schir, to advertence zou, this Saterdag be tuix 5 howris and 6 in ye mornyng ye Cardinale is slane in ye castell off Sanctandrose be Normond Leslie in this maner: at ye cumin in of ye masonis and workmen in ye place to yeir wark, Normond Leslie, and thre wyth hym enterit, and efter hym James Melwyn, and thre men wyth hym fenzit yeir selfis to have spoken with ye Cardinale, and efter yame comme ye zoung Lard of Grange, and 8 men wyth hym, all in geyr (armor); quhill ye porter stoppit to lat in, quhill ane of yame struk hym with ane knyff and kest hym in ye fowse (fosse). Incontinent ya schote furtht all ye workmen and closit ye zet, syne sowgt ye chalmeris, and schote furtht all ye howsald men, as yat gat yame, naikit. Ye Cardinale herand ye dinne in his chalmere, comme furtht, and was passand to ye blokhousheid to heyr quhat it was. Normond Leslie and his compagne met hym in ye turnpyk (staircase) yer off, and slew hym; yerefter ya have depeschet ye place of all men yer in till, except ye Gouvernouris sonne, his prest, and serwand, and ye Cardinalis chalmere child. Ye common bell of ye town rang, ye provost and town gaderit to ye nowmer of three or fower hundreth men, and comme to ye castell, quhill Normond Leslie and his compagne comme to ye wall heid, and sperit quhat ya desirte to se, ane deid man. Incontinent ya brocht ye Cardinale deid to ye wall heid, in ane payr of schetis, and hang hym over ye wall be ye tane arme and ye tane fute, and bad ye pepill se yer ther God. This Johnne of Douglas of Edinburgh, Hew Douglas Ayr, schew me, and Maister Johnne Douglas, quhill was in Sanct Andros and saw ye sam wyth yar ene. As ze think cause, do yer efter; bot at this tyme I consale zou not hwk wyth trawale, for ye alteration wilbe grete in this realme. Bukton hes forbidden me to bring ye wright ellis. Wyr novellis is name heyr, bot I fynd Mr James Foster, and yam yat pertinis my Lord Governour, wile content men in this toun.

Zowr Serwand,

JAMES LYNDESAY.

Wryting this Saterdag at midnycht.

"Sande Drummond consallis zou to cum to my Lord of Angus incontinent, quha is now in Temtallon, for yer will be grete disposition of benefice at this tyme. I depechit this lad by Sunday at 9 howris.

"Schir, cum furtht and mak na tary; I find few

displeisit of his deid; now is ye tyme to schaw zour self ane wisman; perawentue ze ma have proffert zour self, or ellis ze wark ewill."

The brutality of this letter is worthy its subject; and the joy of King Henry, in being at last freed from his dreaded enemy, breaks out in "harty commendations" to "the Master of Rothers and the Lard of Grange," in the official instructions sent to the Admiral Tyrrel.

It is a singular fact, that the participation of Henry in this murder seems not even to have been suspected by contemporary historians. Nor have modern historians, previously to Mr. Tytler, been better informed. A mere inference may be drawn, indeed, from the answer to Hertford, in Hayne's State Papers; but for that mass of evidence which traces this murder almost from its first suggestion to its completion, we are indebted to the present collection.

*The Life of Edward Jenner, M.D. &c.; with Illustrations of his Doctrines, and Selections from his Correspondence.* By John Baron, M.D. 2 vols. Colburn.

SHAKESPEARE has put into the mouth of Hamlet some doubt of a great man's memory outliving his life half a year; and adds, as a foundation for any possible hope, "but by'r lady, he must build churches then." Dr. Jenner, we admit, left the building of churches to parliamentary commissioners, but he did perform certain other good works, conferring strong claims on the recollections of mankind: yet we very seriously apprehend that Dr. Baron has delayed the completion of his work somewhat beyond "the memory of man," as it now runs; and that his pious labour will not meet with that pecuniary reward, which his industry and his conscientious discharge of his duty as a biographer merit. In these railroad times, reputations are becoming hourly more short-lived. Heir does not thrust out heir, nor wave displace wave, more rapidly, than invention supersedes invention, and opinion overturns opinion. It is no longer, indeed, a paradox to say, that a man may live to become his own posterity, and look back upon the thoughts and actions of his prime and vigour of manhood, as on things of a remote antiquity. A brief interval of fifteen years only has elapsed since Jenner ceased to be numbered among the living; but we apprehend, that except as respects the few survivors among his personal friends, no greater interest generally prevails concerning the particulars of his personal life, than might be gratified by a single column of a biographical dictionary.

If we are right in this our conjecture, Dr. Baron has done wisely in dedicating the bulk of his volumes to the questions connected with vaccination, and bestowing all his efforts to illustrate the promulgation of that great discovery. It was, indeed, the one event of its author's life; and it still stands upon grounds sufficiently debatable to awaken attention, through its influence on the self-love of the reader. This view, also, of the life of Jenner, is not without the advantage of a moral "to point the tale;" for if he had done no more for mankind than is involved in the example he afforded of steadfastness of purpose, of patient industry, and inflexible perseverance in the pursuit of an apprehended good, under every difficulty, he would have bequeathed a sufficient legacy to his species, to have entitled him to an affectionate memorial. To us, however, this absorption of his moral and intellectual nature, in his glories as a discoverer, is a disappointment. Influential as his discovery has been on human happiness, and on the social position of its author, and much as it pre-occupied his thoughts and time, that event was, in a certain sense, but an episode in his life—a corol-

lary of the long years of training and of labour, by which original powers of the first class were applied to the pursuit of physiological truth. The memory of the man has, in fact, been overlaid, by the vast benefit and importance of his services to humanity—they have hid, rather than illustrated, the qualities out of which they sprang. This is also the opinion of Dr. Baron. The ordinary estimate formed of the discoverer of vaccination has been, that he was a man who, being placed by circumstances in the position to witness a singular fact, in itself sufficiently obvious, had the luck, or the acuteness, to turn it to a practical advantage; and we ourselves can bear testimony, that many of his professional contemporaries, who were personally unacquainted with the man, thought of him much to that effect. Against this opinion, the fable of Columbus's egg applies in all its force. The original germ of the Jennerian discovery—the one fact upon which everything turned—was not only rather extensively known, but was even pressed by Jenner himself on the attention of the first physiologists of his day. Why, then, did it not arrest their attention? Simply because the development of its scientific and social consequences required the exercise of all those very rare intellectual excellencies which constitute what is called genius. These Jenner possessed in a high degree; but their ostensible application to a very limited range of inquiry, reduced them, in public estimation, to the apparent dimensions of the mere practical process which was its result; and thus his Baconian comprehension and distinctness of philosophical vision—the instinctive justice of his appreciations of philosophical facts—the immediate causes that led to its discovery—were evidenced to the world, only in the vexatious contentions he was compelled to maintain on a single speciality.

Not so with his friend and professional instructor, John Hunter. The wider range which circumstances gave to his professional inquiries, and which constituted him, in no trifling degree, the creator of his science, called into the fullest evidence his native powers and resources, in all their amplitude. In teaching mankind the laws of organic life, he compelled them to feel, and to own his intellectual superiority. Between Hunter and his favourite pupil, there was much in common. Jenner was a full participator in his master's views, and Hunter acknowledged in him a kindred genius. Their correspondence in after-life was active; and Jenner continued his assistance in the labours of the school by observations, experiments, and original speculations, directed to the development of its favourite objects. Trained under such a chief, and possessing an equally ardent love of nature, it is not to be doubted, that in whatever circumstances of professional life Jenner had been thrown, he would have made for himself a great name in science; and had he accepted a proposal which was made to him, to join Hunter in the business of lecturing, he could not but have become more favourably known to the medical world, than he was as the provincial practitioner and discoverer of vaccination.

Without making an inadequate and unsatisfactory comparison between these men, we may state, that there is one quality among those necessary to the advancement of scientific truth, which Jenner seems to us to have possessed in a greater degree than his master—imagination. In these days, one is almost afraid to speak of this attribute in its application to science. At the present moment, an unregulated and perverted fancy is, in more than one department, degrading the pursuit of natural science, by mixing with it such absurd mysticism and *châletanerie*, that imagination shows more like an enemy than a friend to truth. Yet, in all scientific

investigations, even the most rigorously correct, imagination must act in advance of reason, to illumine its path, and direct its march. Great truths must be anticipated, and, as it were, divined, or they could not become subjects for examination: a fanciful analogy is the frequent clue that leads to the perception, or the elimination of a fact, or a law. There is, indeed, almost as much imagination in the Newtonian system of the universe, or in the Atomic theory, as in the epics of a Homer or a Milton. The natural temperament of Jenner was truly poetic. His mental vision ranged freely over nature, dwelling with fondness and delight upon everything that is beauteous and harmonious, as well in the moral as in the physical world. His ordinary conversation was eminently suggestive; and a word casually dropped, would lead him through long trains of ingenious speculation, or of luminous details, concerning some law of nature—some point of science—some fact to be established—some doubt to be cleared. Jenner was, in truth, a born naturalist; for his lore was all founded in his affections. It was not a mere catalogue of names, an arranged *Hortus siccus*, the *caput mortuum* of a science; but a theory of living, moving nature, in all its relations and all its bearings, such as is only attainable by that personal contact with the objects, which a true love of them can alone produce.

But the life of Jenner afforded yet another point of view, still more attractive in contemplation, and more valuable as an example. He was eminently amiable in all his social relations. With a calm temper, and the gentlest disposition, he possessed the warmest affections, and the clearest sense of the obligations of truth and justice. To the ardour of genius he added not its explosive passions. Neither avaricious, nor cursed with ambition, his labours were solely prompted by the utility of their end. He was therefore proportionately patient of contradiction; and not even the virulent and personal opposition he experienced in the propagation of his great discovery, was sufficient to disturb his equanimity beyond the passing moment. His leading moral characteristic was simplicity—the true and distinctive attribute of intellectual superiority. His conversation, rich as it was in scientific facts, was unpretending and playful; and was rendered still more attractive by its naïve reflection of the reigning feeling of the moment. His humour (and he was keenly susceptible of the humorous) was refined and light; and his satire good-natured, gay, and harmless; while a strong dash of constitutional melancholy threw in its occasional touch of pathos and of sentiment, to temper, to shade, and to vary its tone. It was this his constitutional disposition, which definitively determined his place in society; and, with a full consciousness of his own medical resources and professional advantages, as a known and favoured scholar of the greatest physiologist of his day, tied him down to the obscure and wearisome labours of country practice. In that sphere all his intellectual and moral qualities found a fit scope for their exercise; and when the duties imposed on him, by a sense of the vast blessing to humanity intrusted to his keeping and patronage, finally called him into public life, it required all his benevolence and conscience to force him, for a while, from his retreat, and induce him to encounter the turmoil and confinement of a great city.

Such was the man as he was known in the intimacy of friendship, and such we should have delighted to have seen him traced in a full-length portrait. The perusal of a biography of this caste is not only a source of infinite amusement,—for the natural must always please,—but of considerable utility. In a state of society like that in which we live, a demonstration of the beauty

of simplicity in character, a portraiture of the dignity of nature's aristocracy, and the intrinsic worth of the man, as contrasted with the frippery of social distinctions, invigorates and freshens all that is best in youthful aspirations; and an example of the happiness which is compatible with moderate views and simple pleasures, is a lesson of which even the strongest may stand in need, amidst the temptations of an artificial civilization. That Dr. Baron would willingly have expatiated on such a theme, and that he would have done it ably, may be collected from the way in which the few pages of his volumes, which are dedicated to the private life of his subject, are executed. But with the nature of things there is no contesting; and exclusively of the indisposition of the present generation to enter into the poetry of such a character as that of Jenner, the major interests of society required that the subject should be treated in a more professional manner; and that the work should rather be a critical history of vaccination, than a life of its discoverer. We shall therefore extract, for the use of those of our readers who are not professionally interested in the work itself, a few passages in which Dr. Baron has endeavoured to give some notion of the man, in his more universal aspect. As to the merely medical matter, we may state that it contains a full and comprehensive view of the opinions and doctrines of Jenner on the subject of vaccination, and a clear statement of the value of that discovery as a security against small-pox, together with the leading causes of the doubts and difficulties with which that simple fact has hitherto been so much obscured.

"Dr. Jenner's personal appearance to a stranger at first sight was not very striking; but it was impossible to observe him, even for a few moments, without discovering those peculiarities which distinguished him from all others. This individuality became more remarkable the more he was known; and all the friends who watched him longest, and have seen most of his mind and of his conduct, with one voice declare, that there was a something about him which they never witnessed in any other man. The first things that a stranger would remark were the gentleness, the simplicity, the artlessness of his manner. There was a total absence of all ostentation or display; so much so, that in the ordinary intercourse of society he appeared as a person who had no claims to notice. He was perfectly unreserved, and free from all guile. He carried his heart and his mind so openly, so undisguisedly, that all might read them. You could not converse with him, you could not enter his house nor his study, without seeing what sort of man dwelt there. His professional avocations and the nature of his pursuits obliged him to conduct his inquiries in a desultory way. At no period of his life could he give himself up to continued or protracted attention to one object: there was, nevertheless, a steadiness in working out his researches, amid all the breaks and interruptions which he met with, that can only belong to minds constituted as his was. \* \* In prosecuting his investigations into unexplored regions, analogy was his favourite guide. This method is characteristic of all original minds; and although it is often carried too far, it has been, when duly and cautiously followed, the parent of some of the greatest inventions. \* \* He had not derived much aid from those helps which wise men have devised for keeping the intellect in its proper course while searching for truth; and to this cause we may probably ascribe some of the errors into which, it must be confessed, he occasionally fell. His analogies were sometimes hurried forward on the wings of imagination; and, of course, were not always accurate or conclusive. His language, too, on scientific subjects, though for the most part remarkably simple and precise, was, on some occasions, of too figurative a cast. \* \* In witnessing the variety of external things, and in marking their properties, he seems to have possessed a mind much allied to the pure and unsophisticated character of some of our old English worthies; and were I to attempt to find associates with whom he would in an



special manner have assimilated, I think I should seek to link him in triple union with honest Isaac Walton and the pious and engaging Evelyn. • • His habits were in perfect accordance with the unaffected simplicity of his mind; and never, probably, did there exist an individual to whom the pomp and ceremony, which are so pleasing to many, would have been more burdensome. Unrestrained by the formality and reserve of artificial society, he loved to enjoy that freedom, in his intercourse with his friends, which was always gratifying to them, and congenial to his own taste. In his latter years he was not a very early riser; but he always spent some part of his time in his study before he appeared at the breakfast table. When in London and at Cheltenham, he generally assembled his scientific and literary friends around him at this hour. Some came for the pleasure of his conversation; some to receive instruction in the history and practice of vaccination. In the country, where his guests were generally his own immediate connexions or his intimate friends, the originality of his character came out in the most engaging manner. He almost always brought some intellectual offering to the morning repast. A new fact in natural history, a fossil, or some of the results of his meditations, supplied materials for conversation; but, in default of these, he would produce an epigram, or a fugitive jeu d'esprit; and did not disdain even a pun when it came in his way. His mirth and gaiety, except when under the pressure of domestic calamity or bodily illness, never long forsook him; and even in his old age, the facility with which he adapted his conversation and his manners to the most juvenile of his associates was truly interesting. To have seen and heard him at such times, one could hardly believe that he was advanced in years, or that these years had been crowded with events so important. Though thus kind, and free, and familiar, there was nothing of levity in his deportment; and, when occasion required, he could well sustain the dignity of his name and station. In the drawing-room at St. James's he chanced to overhear a noble lord, who was high in office, mentioning his name, and repeating the idle calumny which had been propagated concerning his own want of confidence in vaccination, in consequence of his acting as has been already stated in the case of his son Robert. He, with the greatest promptitude and decision, refuted the charge and abashed the reporter. His person was not known to the noble lord, but with entire composure he advanced to his lordship, and looking fully in his face, calmly observed, 'I am Dr. Jenner.' The effect of this well-timed rebuke was instantaneous. The noble lord, though 'made of sterner stuff' than most men, immediately retreated, and left Jenner in possession of the field. As he knew how to comport himself with men of elevated rank, he could condescend to his inferiors in the most benevolent and gracious manner. He loved to visit and to converse with them; to observe their domestic habits, and the little peculiarities in language or demeanour which different districts exhibit; but he especially delighted in discovering any traces of originality, any indications of that *visida vis animi* which might with a little help enable the possessor to emerge from his humble station. Young Worgan, who became tutor to his eldest son, was fostered by him in this way, and there are many others still living who have equally partaken of his encouragement and of his bounty. • • Every indication of talent or genius, in whatever situation found, was sure to gain his notice and consideration. I remember to have seen him, a short time before his death, listening with great attention to the demonstrations of a very humble lecturer on astronomy. • • It ought at the same time to be mentioned, that neither Dr. Jenner's previous education nor his habits gave him a relish for any of the branches of pure science. He seemed to have a peculiar horror of arithmetical questions. He was often jocular on this defect in his nature; and I believe he frequently paid severely for it; as he would rather attend to anything than pounds, shillings, and pence. A neighbour was once expending a great many words to draw his attention to some affairs of this kind. He expressed himself perfectly satisfied; but not so his neighbour. He continued to dwell upon the different items till Jenner's patience became exhausted; and he exclaimed that he would rather look for an hour at a mite through a microscope than

have his time taken up with such things. Whether in the country or in town, his eye was constantly in search of subjects for observation. He seldom or never passed a butcher's shop without a peep at its contents; because he often found something to illustrate his views of comparative anatomy and pathology. He generally carried a large pocket-book with him; and recorded his thoughts as they occurred. He very often also adopted another practice, namely, that of writing his reflections on detached scraps and fragments of paper; and many, consequently, have either perished or been rendered useless for want of connexion: these 'disjecta membra' being not very susceptible of arrangement or combination by any other than the mind which produced them. • •

"The discovery of vaccination, though pregnant with consequences, calculated from their magnitude to dazzle and bewilder the strongest intellect, was ushered into the world with singular modesty and humility. • • But Dr. Jenner was not only humble in all that concerned this, the greatest incident of his life; he continued so after success had crowned his labours, and after applause greater than most men can bear had been bestowed upon him. This most estimable quality was visible at all times; but it was particularly conspicuous when he was living in familiar intercourse with the inhabitants of his native village. If the reader could in imagination accompany me with him to the dwellings of the poor, and see him kindly and heartily inquiring into their wants, and entering into all the little details of their domestic economy; or if he could have witnessed him listening with perfect patience and good humour to the history of their maladies, he would have seen an engaging instance of untiring benevolence. He never was unwilling to receive any one, however unseasonable the time may have been. Such were his habits, even to the latest period of his life. I scarcely know any part of his character that was more worthy of imitation and unqualified respect than that to which I have alluded. I have never seen any person in any station of life in whom it was equally manifest; and when it is remembered that he was well 'stricken in years'; that he had been a most indefatigable and successful labourer in the cause of humanity; and that he might have sought for a season of repose, and the uncontrolled disposal of his own time, the sacrifices which he made are the more to be valued. In the active and unostentatious exercise of kindness and charity he spent his days; and he seemed ever to feel that he was one of those 'qui se natos ad homines juvandos, tutandos, conservandos arbitrantur.' • •

He had both an inquisitive and an original mind; and it was always open to instruction, from whatever quarter it came. He seldom failed, either when writing to his professional brethren, or when conversing with them, to start some subject for their consideration. I have known him often dictate to his young friends problems in physiology, pathology, or natural history, for their investigation; at the same time giving them some important information which he had previously ascertained by his own inquiries. Some of the pathological questions, which it has been my lot to discuss, originated in this way, and were prosecuted with his fostering help. • •

"It has been seen, that notwithstanding the personal influence that Dr. Jenner had with foreign states, he had next to none at home. He never succeeded in procuring an appointment for any of his relatives or friends. He mentioned that all his attempts to get a living for his nephew George had failed, though addressed to quarters where they might, without presumption, have been expected to have met with attention and success. This neglect hurt him deeply. He once said to me, 'This ought to be known. You must give them a hard one; and I will find an eagle's quill and whet the nib for you.' • •

"It will afford an instructive lesson to the younger members of his own profession, to witness the undiminished energy with which this venerable man cultivated scientific and professional studies almost to the last hour of his existence. In his comparative retirement at Berkeley, his engagements were of a different nature from what they were at Cheltenham. On looking over his note books, which he kept with considerable regularity, I am astonished that at his advanced age, and with so many momentous affairs

pressing upon his mind, he should have been able to chronicle with such perseverance so many observations. • •

"Jenner stood in a position never before occupied by mortal man; having been the instrument in the hands of a gracious Providence, of influencing, in a most remarkable degree, the destinies of his species. He lived at a time when the whole of the civilised world was ravaged by a war of almost unequalled ferocity. Before he left the stage he had the supreme gratification of knowing, that his discovery had been the means of saving more millions of lives than had been sacrificed during the murderous conflict. If we look at the origin of this discovery from its first dawning in his youthful mind at Sodbury, and trace it through its subsequent stages—his meditations at Berkeley—his suggestions to his great master, John Hunter—his conferences with his professional brethren in the country—his hopes and fears, as his inquiries and experiments encouraged or depressed his anticipations—and, at length, the triumphant conclusion of more than thirty years' reflection and study, by the successful vaccination of his first patient, Phipps; we shall find a train of preparation never exceeded in any scientific enterprise; and in some degree commensurate with the great results by which it has been followed. • •

"On the other side, let us remember his trials, his mortifications, the attempts to depreciate his discovery and to check its progress, together with the personal injuries which he endured from those who affected to do him honour, and we shall find many things to counterbalance the homage and gratitude which he derived from other sources. Under all these changes, he sustained the equanimity and consistency of his character; humble when lauded and eulogised, patient and forbearing when suffering wrong; and, if it be an assured sign of a worthy and generous spirit to be amended by distinction and renown, no man ever gave stronger proofs of possessing such a spirit.

"Again, we have to view him in the character of a physician, exercising all the resources of a painful and anxious profession with extraordinary humanity, ability, and perseverance; cultivating his beautiful taste for natural history and all the poetry of life, in connexion with labours so arduous and important. While interpreting nature, he enjoyed a pleasure surpassed by none of his predecessors; but he did not rest there, and might have exclaimed with the great Linneus, *O quam contempta res est homo nisi supra humana se erexerit!*

"As a husband, a father, a friend, a master, he may challenge comparison with any of his fellow-mortals. His domestic duties, as many traits in these volumes show, were invariably exercised with a degree of kindness, consideration, and delicacy, never exceeded. His attachment to his friends knew no variation or interruption, and even when his mind was almost overpowered by the pressure of his public engagements, he always found leisure to maintain and cherish his relations with them. • •

"He was invariably courteous and generous to the stranger; 'compassionate to the afflictions of all, showing that his heart was like the noble tree, which is wounded itself when it gives the balm.' He readily pardoned and remitted offences, proving that his mind was raised above injury, and could not be reached by the shafts of malignity. Finally, he laid down his life while continuing his efforts to do good to his fellow-creatures; grateful to God for the signal mercies which He had vouchsafed to man through him."

In the course of the work, references are made to scientific papers and notes; and specimens are afforded of Jenner's correspondence. These are of a nature to awaken a desire for more of the same stamp. Both teem with facts and hints, which should not be lost to science; and the letters have, besides, considerable autobiographical value. They might form a volume equally acceptable to the professional and the general reader; and we hope Dr. Baron will not lose sight of this portion of his biographical duties.

## TOPOGRAPHY AND STATISTICS OF INDIA.

*Topography of Assam.* By J. M'Cosh. Printed by order of Government. Calcutta, Huttman.

*History, Antiquities, Topography, and Statistics of Eastern India.* Vol. I. 'Behar and Shahabad.' Vol. II. 'Bhagulpur, Goruckpur, and Dinajepoor.' By Montgomery Martin, Esq. &c. Allen & Co.

THE statistical survey of India undertaken by Dr. Buchanan in 1807 was commenced on a scale too extensive to be successful; at the end of seven years, after an expenditure of more than 30,000*l.*, it was prematurely brought to a close, and the information thus collected was locked up in the India House, and as much lost to the world as if it had never existed, until it was disinterred by the industry of Mr. Martin. If skillful condensation and arrangement had been superadded to labour and research, Mr. Martin's volumes would have been greatly increased in value and proportionately diminished in size. We have often borne willing testimony to the value of this gentleman's exertions in the neglected field of colonial statistics, and if we are more chary of praise now than heretofore, it is because we cannot but fear that two such ponderous volumes will frighten even the most determined reader, and be thought to exemplify the proverb that "a great book is a great evil."

The 'Topography of Assam' is a very unassuming and valuable report on the present state of that province, compiled in obedience to a circular issued by the Medical Board of Calcutta. In this province the tea-tree was discovered about ten years ago, but little or no attention was paid to it until the investigations of Captain Jenkins and Lieutenant Charleton brought the matter under the serious notice of the government. Proper officers have been sent among the hill tribes to examine the plant, and their reports lead to the opinion that ere long we shall import a part at least of our supply of tea from our own colonies:—

"Mr. Bruce has lately been on a tour to the Singphos, and mixed in social intercourse with them. He saw many thousands of the trees growing in their native soils, and brought away some plants and specimens of the leaves and seeds. The trees were of a very considerable size, so as to merit a higher rate of classification than a plant or a shrub: he measured one of the largest, and found it twenty-nine cubits long, and about four spans in circumference at the base. The distance of the Tea district from Calcutta, though great, can be but little obstacle, when such a noble river as the Brahmaputra is open at all seasons for boats of largest burden, even to the foot of the hills where the Tea grows."

A very extraordinary production of the Assamese mountains is a most powerful vegetable poison. Samples of it have been subjected to careful chemical analysis, but the cause of its potency has not been discovered.

"One of the most remarkable vegetable productions is a poison used for destroying animal life. It is grown only by the Abors, a mountain tribe, inhabiting the banks of the Sampoo. Its cultivation is kept a great secret, and they carry their precaution so far as to boil it before leaving their country, so as to destroy all vegetation. It is brought into Suddia by the Abors, tied up in little bundles, and has the appearance of a small fibrous root. It is prepared for use by pounding the roots to powder and mixing it up into a paste with the juice of a tree called Otenga, so as to give it tenacity, and make it adhere to the arrow head. So fatal are its effects that even a scratch from an arrow so poisoned, is followed by almost instant death. This is the poison used by all Tiger killers for poisoning their arrows."

The commercial capabilities of Assam are only beginning to be appreciated in Calcutta; the trade on the River Brahmaputra is however steadily on the increase, and seems to be capable of almost limitless extension. Assam is in

almost immediate contact with the empires of China and Ava, being separated from each by a narrow range of mountains, thinly inhabited by barbarous tribes. Even in the present state of communications an armed force sailing up the Brahmaputra might in less than a fortnight reach the banks of the greatest rivers in China, and if strong enough to overcome opposition might sail through the very centre of the Celestial Empire to the ocean. Of the country itself, Dr. M'Cosh gives the following brief but pregnant description:—

"Its climate is cold, healthy, and congenial to European constitutions; its numerous crystal streams abound in gold dust, and masses of the solid metal; its mountains are pregnant with precious stones and silver; its atmosphere is perfumed with tea growing wild and luxuriantly; and its soil is so well adapted to all kinds of agricultural purposes, that it might be converted into one continued garden of silk, and cotton, and coffee, and sugar, and tea, over an extent of many hundred miles."

*Painting and the Fine Arts.* By B. R. Haydon, Esq., and W. Hazlitt, Esq.

*Quarterly Review.* Art. IV. No. 123.

*Edinburgh Review.* Art. VI. No. 136.

[Concluding Notice.]

OUR last notice bestowed on Mr. Haydon unalloyed encomium;—would we might continue to indulge the same vein; but Jove denies half our prayer! Mr. Hazlitt is a sparkling, imaginative writer; but when he speaks on art, his enthusiasm strikes us as too much cooked—paradox seems his dear delight as affording stimulus to his ingenuity, and a heartspring of hatred to have been his exhaustless Hippocrene. Hence we can seldom depend on his verdicts, however argute or energetic; indeed, are as little convinced by them as we should be by the refinements of Sphinx or the bellowings of Megæra. Mr. Haydon denounces his publication of Northcote's book about Reynolds in very unmeasured terms; we trust it was rather a discharge of ill-humour, or a result of prejudice, than "a deep scheme of malignant defamation." However, our concern here is not with his motives, but his opinions—and with his opinions only, because they may affect English Art, the more so as they are now pushed forward, and backed up, and panegyrized, by the liberal *Quarterly*. Hazlitt was never meant for a tutelar genius of painting. He attacks Reynolds's doctrine of the *Ideal* with the vivacity of an ichneumon fallen upon a crocodile's egg, as if, like Pandora's box, it contained all evils. What the mote was that troubled his mind's eye while reading the 'Discourses,' we cannot say; it is plain he took a most erroneous view of them, or at least presents it. For instance, he states as Sir Joshua's chief maxim that "details should be neglected." A monstrous exaggeration of the fact, which would only become the genius of a news-crier. Sir Joshua's maxim is, that general character should not be neglected in favour of details. His context proves it was *petty* details he opposed, and ostentatious minutiae. Again, Mr. Hazlitt pleases to make him say that "the perfection of portrait painting consists in giving the general idea or character without the individual peculiarities;" how different from what Sir Joshua does say, that "the excellence of portrait painting depends more upon the general effect than on the exact expression of the peculiarities, or minute discrimination of the parts." So far from recommending to oust peculiarities altogether, he adds they may be "reduced to classes," and have "large ideas" founded upon them; likewise "single features may be laboured to any degree thought proper." Perhaps the beam which stuck in our critic's eyeball was, that Sir Joshua's

principles went to consecrate the inane style of Lely and Kneller, whilst they really go to condemn the microscopic manner of such limners as Battoni, and the Dutch love for ale-house nature, mean personal appurtenances, for degrading historical characters into portraits of their own Change-alley heroes, for imitating historical scenes from their own huggermugger localities. Is it not rather strange Mr. Hazlitt should exalt Sir Joshua's pictures—remark the "striking similarity" between his practice and his doctrine—yet set out forthwith to prove the latter absurd, as well as destructive of all excellence? This discrepancy alone, we think, might have made the most blind-minded shake off the film of prejudice or self-mystification.

But where does Reynolds propound that "the great style in art, and the most perfect imitation of nature, consists in avoiding the details and peculiarities of particular objects,"—propound it as a "sweeping principle," applicable to portrait, history, and landscape? Nowhere, save in his criticiser's extracts. Sir Joshua makes special and sagacious distinction between portrait and the two other branches of painting: besides what we have quoted above, he says, that though when a painter wishes to idealize a resemblance, all the "minute breaks and peculiarities in the face and temporary fashions in the dress must be omitted," yet, if he desire to individualize it, or give an exact resemblance, more will be lost than gained by such a process—it will be "very difficult to ennoble the character but at the expense of the likeness." Is this a sweeping prohibition of peculiarities? We recommend critics to read these Discourses with more diligence, if they wish to give a plausible misrepresentation of them; Mr. Hazlitt, we are convinced, had as little clear recollection of them as of his reveries in the cradle. Even to Landscape, Reynolds allows considerable latitude, enjoining "anatomical" studies of all the particulars, and praising Titian for his distinctions, marked yet not too minute, between varieties of trees, plants, and weeds,—does this look like excommunication of peculiarities? No!—the Discourses contain errors, but it is unlucky to have pointed out sound truths as samples of them! Neither respecting history itself has Reynolds put forth the unqualified principle abovesaid: he shows, in perspicuous expansion of his doctrine, that such peculiarities and details are to be avoided which debase the art into dogged imitation, or the subject into commonplace life—"accidental deficiencies, excrescences, and deformities of things"—"trifling and artful play of little lights"—fashions, local customs, showy patterns, and minute discriminations of stuffs—parade of mechanism and "subordinate assiduity"—servile mimics of nature, &c. His other doctrines are in like manner quite misconceived. He does not say that Ideal or Central Forms are to be produced by "indefinite," but *definite* abstraction—not by a "voluntary fiction of the brain," but by "long laborious comparison of the most beautiful forms in nature." Take any living model, even the most beautiful, it will have some defect; the forehead a little too low, or high, or narrow, or sloping, the eyes too small or the mouth too big, the chest too sunk or the abdomen too prominent; it will have peradventure knock-knees, craggy ancles, or splay feet. Take other models which have other defects, but not these; combine all the separate perfections of these forms, and you obtain one perfect form; this is the *Ideal*, so called because it does not exist in nature. Or: abstract the defect, the too little or the too much, from each trait, feature, muscle, member, and you obtain the perfect form, which is called the Central, as it lies midway between that same too much and too little. Here



is the doctrine of Reynolds so hissed against and hooted by Mr. Hazlitt! What is it but the old Greek doctrine, exemplified in the story of the five Nymphs who contributed their charms to form a Venus? What but the practice of Phidias and the best artists of Greece, as declared by Proclus, Cicero, and the writers of antiquity? What but the practice of Raffael himself, as expressed in his well-known letter to Castiglione: not finding, he says, mere nature perfect enough, "io mi servo di certa idea che mi viene alla mente"? What but the system praised by Barry, which Hazlitt's tirade, with suicidal effect, quotes against Sir Joshua: that observant traveller describes Raffael as having copied all the heads of certain frescos "from particular characters, nearly proper for" what he wanted them; only adding or taking away in little parts, features, &c. what answered his purpose; conceiving, while he had the heads before him, ideal characters and expressions, which he adapts these features and peculiarities to." What is this but seeking out central form, and abstracting, and idealizing? True, Raffael did not push the system so far as the Greeks did, and therein lies his inferiority. He was rather too fond of thrusting his Fornarinas, and Pippis, and Popes into sacred pictures, thereby often no little degrading the latter to profane ephemeral purposes, giving them a prosaic instead of a poetic air, and confusing their historical harmony. But his best figures are fine nature *plus* ideal characters and expressions—all that Reynolds requires and Phidias gives. For the Elgin Marbles have not, as Mr. Hazlitt affirms, "all the ease, the simplicity, and variety of individual nature," but of *select* nature; they are not "precisely like casts taken from life." A cast taken from Frank Bothwell, cap and feather of the Guards, would present us with a head somewhat too large, or a nose somewhat askew (as every individual nose is), or a faulty formation somewhere: the Theseus has a head of the central size, a nose in the middle of his face, and every part of just development. Frank Bothwell, yea Coriolanus himself, would recline with something less than the temperate majesty, the unobtrusive yet tremendous grandeur of that godlike statue. Compare the reclining Fate with a cast of Sarah Siddons sitting her best—we fear the comparative anatomist, the admirer of individualities, would have to exclaim at the sight—"alas! poor human nature!" The Elgin Marbles are indeed true to nature, but if they are no more, what use in them? Why not attend the Swimming Baths, or Bruising Matches, or Whipping-posts, if you only desire to see Nature? Why look at nature in dead stone when you have her in warm live flesh at your elbow? Hazlitt tells us the head of Antinous is finer than that of the Belvedere Apollo, by way of recommending the individual above the ideal: let gross voluptuous beauty be conceded finer than "supercilious": who can prove the Antinous head a mere portrait, and not the idealized resemblance of Adrian's minion, in his well-known character of *Bacchus*? Such idealism it is, and so what becomes of the argument!

But with all the clevernesses, brilliant thoughts, picturesque images, and glimpses of truth, in this Encyclopædia article, we are compelled to pronounce it on the whole a maze of mistakes and mis-statements. As a proof how little the author was capable of handling his subject, behold the definition he propounds of the Great Style, after such efforts to quash that of Reynolds: "grandeur does not consist in omitting parts, but in connecting all the parts into a whole, and in giving their combined and varied action: abstract truth, or ideal perfection, does not consist in rejecting the peculiarities of form, but in rejecting all those which are not consistent with the character intended to be given, and in fol-

lowing up the same general ideas of softness, voluptuousness, strength, activity, or any combination of these, through every ramification of the frame." We shall thank any one who extracts the square-root of this hotchpotch, and tells us the clear value. So every piece of work which is consistent with its character however mean and vulgar, which follows out its general idea however petty and poor—belongs to the grand style, realizes ideal perfection? Gerard Dow's "Cabbage-seller," and his "Brass-pot Scourer," are samples of the great style! Surely they keep up their characters and follow out their general ideas! The famous anatomical Wax-works at Florence must, in this case, be the very sublimest models of artistic perfection since the days of Prometheus, for they give every ramification of nature to a tittle! Nay, by this definition, the cast of a flea-catching Monkey surpasses the *Moses* of Michaelangelo himself in ideal grandeur! Curious that the above definition should not contain one essential mark of the great style, or teach us how to recognize or how to attain it: the *Drunken Faun* becomes as grand as the Phidian *Dioscuros* of Monte Cavallo, and Alderman Carbuncle's image in the glass is nearer ideal perfection than Sir Joshua's *Lord Heathfield*, because there all the ramifications are followed up, here suppressed! But let us have another specimen of that artistic enlightenment which the *Quarterly* deems this careless treatise so calculated to introduce: defining a *historical* portrait, the author says—it "means the representation of the individual under one consistent probable and striking view, or showing the different features, muscles, &c. in one action, and modified by one principle." Why then a faithful portrait of Cribb, the pugilist, giving a "floorer," is historical! Every well-modelled, consistent portrait, under a striking view, though as individual as pimples, a hare lip, and a squint could make it, is historical! Observe the adroitness with which all that distinguishes a historical from a common portrait has been omitted in this definition: we entreat the reader to consult Sir Joshua's, if they wish to see the difference between a mind that could and that could not philosophically grasp the subject.

For the talents of Mr. Hazlitt we feel a suitable respect, and should have dismissed his tract after due praise of its vivid thoughts and expressions, but that the brilliant axe it lays to the root of Art required to be turned aside. This was the more needful, as what we cannot help calling a most ill-judged eulogium in the last *Quarterly Review* seems to authorize that destructive attempt—endeavouring to disseminate the pestilence of erroneous principles, instead of stopping it. So little has been written or reflected about the Theory of Art in this kingdom, that our best critics give proof of nescience from day to day, which would make a tolerable German connoisseur turn white with astonishment. For ourselves, we only know enough to blush at the common ignorance of Englishmen on the subject. Yes, one thing more we know: the cause of Mr. Hazlitt's and our contemporary's error. They perceived that English painters—misinterpreting or misapplying the ideal doctrine of Reynolds—misled by his practice—have fallen into a vague, slattern, truthless, factitious style—one of brilliant show, beautiful smutching, surface-work and sketch-work—nature itself either dabbed out of the canvas, or dabbed in: hence that doctrine is condemned instead of its abuse, as if we should condemn the brightness of the sun because trick-players chose to set our tails a-fire with burning-glasses. Had this abuse of the Ideal—Sir Joshua's own too sketchy and toss-off manner, perhaps less from choice than feeble draughtsmanship—been pointed out, the proper use illustrated and enjoined, some benefit

to English Art might have accrued; but crying down the ultra-ideal, and crying up the ultra-natural, is precisely of kindred wisdom with that of saving one's-self from Scylla by slipping into Charybdis. Let English painters be assured they cannot find any where, in the same compass, a solid "globe of precepts" on their art, than Reynolds's treatise, nor an emptier bubble than Hazlitt's; but they must study the former, and understand it, and imbue their practice with its genuine spirit—or they might as well follow any ignis fatuus theory that muddled wits have engendered. Some few higher principles than appear in the 'Discourses' may be revealed elsewhere, none lower can ever be canonical. If painters wish to attain sound practice, we cannot commend Sir Joshua's pictures nor his process as a guide, but rather as a beacon to warn off. However admirable both his theoretical and practical works are, the grand deficiency in both is the same—neglect of design. Upon this qualification Sir Joshua insists little, exemplifies it less. We venture to affirm, that what English Art needs to render it perfect—even as an Ornamental style—is good design. We repeat it, as the ancient orator did his maxim; of perfection in art there are three chief secrets—*design, design, design!* Without this, Painting at best will remain among us a gorgeous Superficiality—no more.

But wherefore should we have called artists over the brimstone coals of criticism, on account of ignorance, and narrow-mindedness, and pitiful ambition? Behold what our two grand Digests of all knowledge and illumination—the *Quarterly* and the *Edinburgh*—have brought forth this month: these receivers made to catch the sublimed extract and distilled essence of good taste evaporating from the brain of all our choice spirits! What have these literary nose-leaders of the nation done for its advancement in connoisseurship? One of them tweaks it towards Hazlitt as the sign-post which points out, with infallibility's ruddled right hand, the royal road to the Triumphal Arch of Painting. We have above started some few suspicions that the great mystagogue, who is supposed to spread open such a splendid perspective, may prove but the St. Peter to a fool's paradise! Alas! how the mighty are fallen! Here, likewise, the *Edinburgh*, that once had the whole world of literature as a tail, comes now in the rear of a foreign cognoscente, and from him snuffs all its inspiration! The review of Dr. Waagen's 'Arts and Artists' is little more than a bald abstract of that work's most commonplace portion, without an original idea of a maravedi value; having sufficient unacquaintance with the subject, to ensure, one would think, as smart a sketch as the *Quarterly's*, yet being as dull as if it were ever so learned. Not that we hoped to find any English pericranium knowledge-logged on the matter, like many a German; but we did expect some evidences of higher gusto in art, more Apician discrimination about it, from our two daintiest of periodicals. How vitiated must the public palate be, when so blunt a sense is evinced by the "nose of haut-gout, and the tip of taste." But what particular glory to march forth the "fattest hogs of Epicurus' sty," with snout between the hoofs, and looks commercing with the mire, where it is only a swinish multitude that gives you precedence? Small wonder, indeed, if the lower press vent day after day such ineptitudes upon art, when our "mighty Totty-potty-moys" of criticism utter nonsense by the flood. Hear our Committees of Taste, and cognoscente speeches on artistic occasions! Flagrant errors in fact, appalling absurdities in doctrine! One gentleman who professes (very superfluously) he knows nought about sculpture, nevertheless girds up his loins to make affidavit that a certain bronze

distortion, tripudiating on a pedestal, as awkwardly as a cripple jerks out crooked legs and crutches in a Highland Fling, is the perfection of caballine elegance! Another topping dilettante declares *portraiture* the summit of art,—recommends Royal Academicians to paint ephemeral physiognomies as the best way of making themselves immortal—of raising an enduring monument (like the Tartar trophies of skulls) to the renown of their nation—and in the plenitude of his ignorance takes a dictatorship upon him, when the least knowledge of himself or of art would teach him to conceal himself among the common slingers and archers of criticism. After all, though emptiness and presumption can never be laudable, it is natural enough they should place themselves as directors at the head of a public that follows them as two pillars of light in the utter depth of its own darkness: where the flock are geese, what do we expect to find stalking with imperious gabble before them—golden eagles, or ganders? The great slug which trails itself over the garden of Art, if unable to see its way, must put forth blind horns to feel it.

But the most deplorable, most decisive proofs of this country's degradation in pictorial knowledge and taste, are the abovesaid articles, just published by our two chief Reviews: these may be considered the standards and highest exponents of popular information and feeling upon art—to which particular excellence will always remain proportionable. We can augur no bright futurity for it, when the low-grounded mystified doctrine of a random essayist, playing at hoodman's-blind with his theme, is exalted by the *Quarterly* as a starry way to the zenith of perfection; and a few glimpses of criticism, caught from a tour book, are given by the *Edinburgh* as the whole effulgence of its illumination on the matter. We can augur no bright futurity for art in these kingdoms, while it is committed to the hands of any critics, or connoisseurs, or professors, who are such and nothing more: it must engage the interest of our loftiest poets and philosophers ere it can become illustrious. German professors own, with profound gratitude, that art has attained its present height among them—all its hope of future success—from the theoretic instructions of a *Lessing*, a *Goethe*, a *Tieck*, and other writers, who have irradiated, by their genius, a province so close to the poetical empyrean. Which of our great authors contributes a theory, nay a principle, that a sagacious professor would not keep in his sleeve to laugh at as preposterous or impracticable? What deluge of enlightenment did Scott pour out upon the grand mysteries of painting? Into what sublime mould did Coleridge cast the minds of the artistic generations around him? Byron's most splendid ideas about art would have illumined its pinnacles as permanently and profitably as so many flashes of lightning the peaks of the Lunar Mountains. With respect to English authors now alive, we shall but allege our belief that not one of them is able to write a *l'Envoi* to Winkelmann, or a preface to the 'Laocoon,' or a paper for the *Kunstblatt*—to induct a tyro into the pure elements of artistic poetry, far from imbuing a professor with the essence. Yet until our intellectualists see the Fine Arts worth their thought, their abstract cultivation, their patronage, and their promotion by disert eloquence written and oral, those arts can never rise much above their present state of a genteel handicraft—can never afford professors much beyond a respectable pursuit as *esquire* artisans, nor the public aught nobler than an elegant relief from ennui, or means of titillating the retina with gaudy phantasmagoria; while the souls of both remain as uncherished and undeveloped by these superficial occupations, as reptiles shut up

in the hearts of rocks are by the lichens outside them. We have done.

*Secret Memoirs from 1770 to 1830. [Mémoires Secrets, &c.]* By the Count D'Allonville. 2 vols. Paris, Werdet; London, Dulau.

It was announced that these volumes would reveal all that was unknown, explain what was imperfectly known, and tell nothing already known in the secret history of France, from the commencement of the American war to the expulsion of Charles X. Large promise has been so often followed by feeble performance, that such an announcement served rather to check than encourage hope, and we are not disappointed in finding that these Memoirs are little more than a record of the prejudices of an old and bigoted adherent of the *ancien régime*, and that they add very little to the store of anecdotes already collected respecting the principal characters who shared in the French Revolution. The subject, indeed, has long been exhausted; all the actors in that great drama are removed from the stage, the piece is completed, the curtain has fallen,—nay, more, it has risen again, to exhibit a spectacle entirely new in its events, actors, and scenery. The world's stage has twice been cleared since the epoch at which the Count commences his memoirs; the trifles which interest us respecting contemporaries lose their importance when they are told of men who have taken their place in history. It would be a waste of time to enter on any refutation of the old man's opinions, who describes Washington as a traitor—Lafayette as an empty-pated coxcomb, flying to America to escape from a profligate wife—Franklin as an ungrateful and vulgar rebel—and the renegade Arnold as a wise and judicious patriot. The Count attributes the hostility which the Duke of Orleans (Philippe Egalité) manifested to the Royalists, to some lampoons on his naval career as Duke of Chartres, written by the Count de Provence (afterwards Louis XVIII.); but these lampoons were not so bitter as the announcement made in the *Gazette de France*—

The King, as a reward for the naval services of His Royal Highness the Duke de Chartres, has been graciously pleased to promote him to the command of a regiment of Dragoons.

This official epigram, it is said, was never forgotten by the horse-marine; and such insults, rather than ambition, are thought to have urged this unfortunate Prince on a course which deprived misfortune of the poor consolation of pity. The deposition and death of Louis XVI. the Count attributes to his want of firmness, and seriously believes that he would have been able to check the progress of events, had he adhered to the despotic principles of his ancestors: hence he sees great political foresight in a jest of the Viscount de Segur, on the convocation of the Notables.

I was supping with the Count de Berchiny towards the close of December 1786, when the Viscount de Segur arrived from Versailles; we gathered round him and asked the news. He assumed a mysterious air, and said, in an undertone, "I bring you great and important intelligence, which you will scarce believe."—"What is it?"—"The king has tendered his resignation." We laughed, and asked the meaning of the joke. "It is no joke, I assure you; he has just signed the edict for the convocation of the Notables."

Our author affects to give new particulars respecting Mirabeau's reconciliation with the court, and his account of the audience at St. Cloud is important, if true:

Mirabeau, timid as the guilty are, and dreading the fate of the Duke of Guise, which his crimes deserved, hesitated to accept the interview which he had asked. Having finally resolved to go, he took great pains to conceal this step, and travelled in the

coach of his nephew Saillant, whom he left at the outer door, and having compared watches, gave him a letter for the commander of the Parisian national guard. "I do not know whether they are going to act fairly or to murder me," said he; "if I do not return within an hour, be off at full speed, deliver this letter according to its address, sound the tocsin, and reveal to the people the treachery of the court." The hour passed; Saillant, uneasy about his uncle, waited a quarter of an hour longer, and then began to return, but very slowly, often stopping to look behind. At last he heard himself called several times in a stifled voice: Mirabeau overtook him, out of breath, and said, "I feared you were gone—all is well: keep this matter a profound secret."

Our author declares that he related this anecdote in Saillant's presence, who did not venture to deny it.

These Memoirs are curious as specimens of the opinions of a past generation, but they contain few facts which have not been repeatedly told before.

MECHANICS AND MANUFACTURES IN THE U.S. *Addresses delivered before the American Institute of the City of New York, at their Annual Fairs.* New York.

We took up these Addresses,—which are the productions of some of the most distinguished of American writers and statesmen,—in the expectation of getting certain details of considerable interest concerning the present condition of manufacturing and mechanical industry in the United States, as well as its prospects for the future; and also a knowledge of the feeling and views of the people, or of important classes or eminent individuals among them, in relation to this subject. The very sound of this word, "Fair," seems significant of something going on, which we Englishmen are instinctively anxious to look into.

From the documents before us, and from various Reports of societies, which have lately come under our notice, these Fairs appear to be exhibitions of the products, arts, and manufactures of the country, supported and encouraged for the purpose of stimulating the industry and enterprise of the people; nearly resembling those which have been at various times attempted in England,—though, in extent and variety, still more like the great Exposition held every third year in Paris. The only remark we shall make on them relates to the general spirit which they manifest, for in this point of view they chiefly interest us; and, undoubtedly, if these sources of information may be relied on—and we believe them to be the very best—the feeling in favour of what is called the *American System*, meaning the system of domestic industry, which is protected by duties, as distinguished from the policy of another party who have always favoured the unrestricted importation of manufactures, has at no previous period in the history of the United States been so strong and sanguine as at present. There appears to us to be a good deal of this party feeling, added to common curiosity and other motives, in the popularity of these exhibitions, as well as in the efforts made to get them up on a great scale. There were no less than 15,000 different articles exhibited at both the New York and Boston fairs last autumn, the latter of which was the first occasion of the kind in the New England States. In both cases all classes of society seem to have shared in the excitement. At Boston, the show was visited by more than 70,000 persons, despite the tax of admission, in a city the population of which is little more than 80,000. Accommodations on a splendid scale were provided; liberal premiums were offered in every department, including, by the way, the *Fine Arts*. The various committees by whom these were adjudged evidently comprised the



more influential persons in the several states. Commodore Downes, we observe, sent models of ships from the national navy-yard; Sprague, and Sargent, and Pierpont, and other literary men and artists, figure in their way; and the latter reverend gentleman, being an accomplished *turner* as well as a poet, and lately returned from a tour in the East, came forth on the occasion with "one dozen napkin-rings of wood from the Mount of Olives," in one hand, and one of his odes in the other,—sung, we perceive, at some evening celebration connected with the exhibition. On this latter occasion, also, we find that the highly distinguished scholar and statesman, Mr. Everett, Governor of the State (Massachusetts), exhibiting as *orator*, after having acted as chairman of one of the committees to distribute prizes, and, finally, receiving himself from the society "a gold medal" for this same Address,—this "specimen" of his own! Mr. Everett is the author also of the best of the New York Addresses: others, however, are by distinguished men; the last by the Rev. Mr. Dewey, well known to our readers as author of "The Old World and the New."

All these little matters tend to show, we think, a decided resolution on the part of the American people to uphold the protective or American system. As to the Addresses themselves, they are mere appeals to prejudices: the arguments put forward are just such stuff as has been produced over and over again by our monopolists in England. They are all modelled on Matthew Mug's address to the Corporation of Garratt—"To promote the good of the borough, gentlemen, the encouragement of your trade and manufactories will most principally tend. Garratt, it must be owned, is an inland town, and has not, like Wandsworth, and Fulham, and Putney, the glorious advantage of a port; but what nature has denied, industry may supply; cabbages, carrots, and cauliflowers, may be deemed, at present, your staple commodities; but why should not your commerce be extended? Were I, gentlemen, worthy to advise, I should recommend the opening a new branch of trade; sparagrass, gentlemen, the manufacturing of sparagrass; Battersea, I own, gentlemen, bears at present the belle; but where lies the fault? In ourselves, gentlemen: let us but exert our natural strength, and I will take upon me to say, that a hundred of grass from the corporation of Garratt will, in a short time, be held, at least, as an equivalent to a Battersea bundle." This is "the high imperial type" of all the addresses of all the Tariff-people all over the world. From the character of the meetings, indeed, the orators are foredoomed to talk against common sense; but some, we must admit, seem to do so *con amore*. Mr. Everett, however, as might have been anticipated, though quite as patriotic, is more cool and cautious than most of the orators; his address, while it is the most accurate and ample in its statement of facts, equally surpasses the others in its eloquence. Mr. Everett has indeed something of northern reserve, while his associates are more southern and more sanguine. He is, it is true, in favour of a Tariff, but considers the question with calmness, and admits that there is a question in the premises.

We must confess that we feel very little anxiety as to the issue of this "struggle," so far as British interests are concerned. The great leading circumstances of the American people are security enough on this point. The mechanical and manufacturing interest is not the great interest of America, and we may almost say it never can be so:—it cannot be, for an indefinitely long period of time. Think of the value of labour in that country, arising from the demands for it as compared with the supply.

Think of the immensity of its agricultural inducements and resources. There is no reason to suppose that fifty years hence these relative proportions will be altered: the manufacturing interest may advance, but new lands, farther and farther on, will be opened and opening. Think of the unparalleled ratio of the increase of population in America, and of the proportionate demand for agricultural industry, which this implies. Late experience has proved how hard it is to keep up a supply under these circumstances even of the common necessities of life. We have had the strange intelligence of flour, rising in one season 100 per cent., and selling at New York at sixteen dollars the barrel: we have seen European nations exporting large quantities of corn to the United States! Who then can believe, where immigration and increase go on at such a rate, and are likely to do so for ages, and where the facilities of agricultural independence are so inviting, that this interest can fail to be the great one of the country? This would be true if the United States only were concerned: but we have all the rest of that vast continent to look to for new markets. There are Texas, and Mexico, and South America—markets yet to be—and the whole of the northern continent yet to be filled with a population of like interests and wants with theirs.

Manufacturing and mechanical competition then is out of the question, and the reasons why are too obvious and familiar to be dwelt on. We have the capital, the science, skill, experience; we have the start by ages; we command the markets—at least, we can command them if we please. It will be our fault if we lose them. The Americans themselves understand this: they "calculate" somewhat on their own shrewdness and rapid improvement in skill and characteristic enterprise and energy; but they calculate also on our bad legislation. We see evidences of all these facts in the Addresses before us. However, before we conclude we shall show by a few facts what the Americans are really doing, or trying to do; for, rivalry or no rivalry, we cannot but feel a lively interest in the subject.

Take silk for an example, which concerns our neighbours over the Channel more than us, for the United States have lately imported not less than twenty millions of dollars' worth in a year. Ten years since, silk made from worms fed on the soil was unthought of. At all these exhibitions we now find it a leading article; companies and factories are spoken of on all sides; calculations are already made, not only for supplying the present home demand, but an immensely increased one, not to say a market abroad; in fact, of making the mulberry to the northern agriculturist, almost what the cotton plant is to the south. The President of the New York Institute, who has travelled over the south of Europe with a view to this investigation, considers his own soil and climate "*pre-eminently* adapted to this growth;" and he states, among other facts, that, whereas in those countries the worm must be produced by artificial means, in America it is produced by the natural climate, and, in accordance with the growth of the mulberry leaf, about the 1st of June. He counts much also on the peculiar dryness of the American climate. However this may be, there is plainly a popular feeling on the subject, and not a little has been already done towards establishing the culture and manufacture. "Better specimens of sewing silk," says one authority on this occasion, "we have never seen from any country;" and, "included in the same number are specimens of black silk vestings, and one of black *satin*, surpassingly glossy, thick, and rich. It reminds us of the old-fashioned, heavy satins of France and Switzerland. These are all from the ma-

nufactory of the Northampton Silk Company," &c.

Here we have another, beginning:—"Some specimens of worsted yarn, manufactured at Sax-onville, by the New England Worsted Company, were considered fully equal to the best English or Scotch worsted, of which but a limited quantity has been imported since this establishment has been in operation. It is the only factory of the kind in this country which manufactures worsted yarn to any great extent."

Another scheme, significant of the same spirit, has made its appearance lately in several quarters,—we mean domestic *wine-making*, (which, again, concerns the *French*). From a recent number of the "Southern Agriculturist," it appears that a gentleman in South Carolina has made about 530 gallons of wine in his garden, from Madeira vines, growing on the *sixth part of an acre*. This crop is enormous. One or two of the vines, moreover, produced more than 130 gallons. This is at the rate of 3180 gallons per acre; whereas, in the most genial circumstances, 2000 is well known to be a great crop in wine countries. These accounts are well authenticated; and the wine is said to be superior to the best imported Madeira. Other successful experiments have been elsewhere made. There is an entire Swiss colony, we believe, engaged in wine-making, in the Western Country, at Vevay. The orators seem to have little doubt that, at no distant period, what with their vast variety of soils and climes, and their continual immigration of experience, talent, and skill of all sorts from older countries, the United States will be supplied almost entirely both with their own silks and wines; and we see several of the State governments taking up the matter, and offering premiums, &c. That we have not over-rated the American manufacturing spirit in general, may appear from a few facts. *Twelve years ago* (in 1826), there were exported to foreign markets nearly seven millions of dollars' worth of American manufactures. "In August last," says one of the New York speakers in 1837, "the port of Boston had seven ships lading with domestic manufactures for the *East India market*." The same authority (the President of the Institute,) states, that valuable and successful shipments of American manufactures have recently been made to ports on the *Persian Gulf*; and he adds, that South America has been so engrossed with our supplies, that "*foreign manufacturers*, striving to participate in the trade, are *counterfeiting the American stamp*." It is a little odd, that the Americans should be making this latter complaint at the same moment when a similar outcry is raised by our Birmingham artisans against some of our continental neighbours, probably the same parties.

Again, the legislature of Massachusetts recently took measures for collecting certain statistical tables for the year ending April 1, 1837, with the view of exhibiting some of the results of mechanical and manufacturing labour within their own limits. The population of that state is about 700,000; its agriculture is not inferior to that of its neighbours; and it is largely engaged in fisheries and navigation. Yet from the three articles of wool, cotton, and leather alone, manufactured, there was realized in that season nearly 40 millions of dollars. The "boots and shoes" exceeded 14½ millions; the cotton goods exceeded 13; the woollen 10. Including ship-building, for which about 1,400,000 dollars is allowed, and excluding seven millions under the head of "fisheries," the sum of 80 millions of dollars appears as the value of the articles produced in eighteen specified branches of industry, of which the above named are three. And this only in one State.

It is clear enough that it will not do, after this,

to despise, though we need not fear, what is called "the day of small things," or the doers of them. This vast aggregate is made up of small things, and some of the principal branches of business here mentioned have been founded within twenty years. It is not above twenty-five, we think, since the first cotton machinery used in New England was set up at Pawtucket, in Rhode Island,—a small State, with a population equal only to that of the city of Boston;—small and barren, but now so covered over with factories, that he who rides through it might almost mistake it for one grand establishment of nothing but spindles and wheels. Among these Massachusetts articles, are *straw-bonnets* and *palm-leaf hats* to the amount of almost two millions of dollars. This work is done by females, mostly at home, in small rural noiseless towns and villages of the interior, where the traveller would scarcely suspect the existence of anything of the sort. The straw business, a few years since, probably stood where the *buttons* do now—at 246,000 dollars a-year; or the umbrellas, 101,000; the *wooden ware*, "including shoe-pegs," 174,690; or, finally, the razor-strops and lather-boxes, 7650, "of which 5400 dollars' worth are made in Middlesex, by fourteen hands!"

There are one or two curious things in Mr. Everett's Address, which, long as our article is, are too good to be passed without notice. He shows that *cotton-wool* was more or less manufactured, in the north, nearly 200 years ago. This cotton came "from the Indies." It was only after the time when the Union was formed that sagacious persons began to think of trying what could be done with it on an increased scale in the South; and a small duty was, for this reason, laid on the foreign raw article. In 1784, a few bags of American cotton were seized at the Customs in Liverpool, on the ground that it *could not be*, as the captain of the vessel professed, *an American article!* Here is a full specimen of old-fashioned policy:—

"Nor did the humble attempts of the Colonies in manufactures, fail to awaken the jealousy of the mother country. Sir Josiah Child, although a more liberal politician than many of his countrymen, in his discourse on trade, published in 1670, pronounces New England 'the most prejudicial plantation of Great Britain;' and gives for this opinion the singular reason, that they are a people 'whose frugality, industry, and temperance, and the happiness of whose laws and institutions promise to them long life, and a wonderful increase of people, riches, and power.' After many fruitless attempts, on the part of the executive authority of Great Britain, to keep down the enterprise and industry of the country, in those departments of industry which were disallowed by the laws of trade, recourse was had to parliament. The House of Commons took up the subject in 1731, and called upon the Board of Trade and Plantations to make a report, 'with respect to any laws made, manufactures set up, or trade carried on in the Colonies, detrimental to the trade, navigation, and manufactures of Great Britain.' In the result of this inquiry it appeared, 'that among other branches of manufacture for domestic supply, hats were made in the colonies in considerable quantities: and had even been exported to foreign countries. In consequence of this alarming discovery, the law of 5 Geo. 2. c. 22. was passed, forbidding hats or felts to be exported from the colonies, or even 'to be loaded on a horse, cart, or other carriage for transportation, from one plantation to another.' Nor was this all; in 1750 a law was passed, by the parliament of Great Britain, which I must needs call a disgrace to the legislation of a civilized country. It prohibited 'the erection or continuance of any mill or other engine for slitting or rolling iron, or any plating forge, to work with a tilt hammer, or any furnace for making steel, in the colonies, under penalty of 200*l.*' Every such mill, engine, forge, or furnace, was declared a *common nuisance*, which the governors of the provinces, on information, were bound to abate, under penalty of 500*l.*, within thirty days."

It was the Revolution that gave the first impulse to American manufactures, says Mr. Everett.

"One of the earliest of these was the manufacture of nails, upon which Lord Chatham had placed his memorable prohibition. It is within the memory of man, that the first attempt to manufacture cut nails, in New England, was made in the southern part of Massachusetts in the revolutionary war, with old iron hoops for the material, and a pair of shears for the machine. Since that period, besides supplying the consumption of the United States,—estimated at from 80,000,000 to 100,000,000 lb., and at a price not much exceeding the duty,—machines of American invention, for the manufacture of nails, have been introduced into England; and I find, by the Treasury Report just published, that one and a half millions of pounds of nails were exported from the United States to foreign countries, during the past year."

So much for these "Fairs," and for the Addresses delivered before the American Institute.

*Text-Book of Ecclesiastical History.* By J. C. T. Gieseler, Doctor of Philosophy and Theology, and Professor of Theology in Göttingen. Translated from the third German edition by Francis Cunningham. 3 vols. 8vo. Philadelphia, Carey & Lea; London, Hodgson.

ECCLESIASTICAL works do not form the best subjects for popular reviews; and we should dismiss the one before us with a very cursory notice, did it not contain some advantages not to be found in any other ever published in our language. And when to this consideration we add, that the number of ecclesiastical students in this country, who are actually preparing for holy orders, must approach twenty or thirty thousand, we should scarcely be doing justice to our readers, if we allowed so important a book as Professor Gieseler's to pass unnoticed. It has a high reputation in Germany, and it deserves to be well known here.

The most striking peculiarity of this work is, that it is divided into periods, each period into grand divisions, each division into chapters, each chapter into paragraphs, so as to preserve the succession of time, no less than of subject. The periods are three—from the birth of Our Saviour to the death of Constantine, A.D. 324; from Constantine to the controversies respecting image worship, A.D. 726; from the commencement of these controversies to the Reformation, A.D. 1517. A fourth volume is sometime to appear, embracing the modern Churches of Europe to the present day. The divisions, by splitting these grand periods into smaller portions of time, and the chapters, by treating separately the subjects of each portion, conduce very much to clearness, and present us with a consecutive view of the doctrines, discipline, and controversies of each period.

But this work has another and more important peculiarity. The text itself does not occupy more than one-third of the matter; the rest consists of notes, which confirm or illustrate the assertions of the text, in the very words of the author on whom those assertions are based. This plan has our unqualified approbation. As the author justly observes, "It is nowhere more true than in church history, that it is impossible rightly to understand an age gone by, without allowing it to speak for itself; the subjects involved in this study being often such as are least easily rendered into a foreign language." These notes exhibit considerable erudition, and are, for the most part, pertinent enough. It must not, however, be supposed that *all* his statements in the text will bear examination. Like other writers on ecclesiastical history, he has his bias, and in him it is Socinian. Nor must we, in a mere historic point of view, dismiss this work without censure. Like all German Protestants,

Dr. Gieseler magnifies the defects of the popes, while he reduces those of the emperors, so as to make them nearly invisible. The popes were often bad enough—they often prostituted their spiritual to their temporal interests, and assumed a tone of domination exceedingly irritating to every independent mind. But while condemning such conduct, why should the historian omit the usurpation, the violence, the unblushing sacrilege, of the Germanic Cæsars? If the ambition of Hildebrand be, as it is, severely censurable, why should the *crimes* (and those, too, of the deepest die) of Henry IV., his contemporary and rival, be either unnoticed, or softened into *irregularities* and *imprudences*?

But with these, and many other defects, this is by far the most useful manual of ecclesiastical history that has ever fallen under our notice. Every student ought to possess it. Of the history, the doctrines, the discipline, the learning of the church, (and consequently, of Europe, as there was no learning out of holy mother's bosom,) it exhibits a summary at once comprehensive and accurate—at once instructive and interesting. Its perpetual reference to original authorities—the very words of which it so frequently extracts—must render it peculiarly valuable to all who would drink at the fountain-head—who turn with disgust from the streams which modern writers have rendered so muddy. Men who usually take little interest in ecclesiastical matters, may be curious to see how strangely the human mind has diverged from reason into fancy, and even into madness. One of the most extraordinary books that could be written, might be compiled from the tenets—or at least the propositions—of schoolmen during the Middle Ages. Many, however, would not bear translation, from their incomparable grossness. The tone and temper with which such matters were handled, were not favourable to religious feeling,—least of all to humility of mind. There were not wanting schoolmen who placed Aristotle above the Apostles, and above the Great Master of the Apostles. Nay, we have instances in which a doctor boldly proclaimed himself superior to them all,—to the Divine Being, no less than mere mortals. Hear Simon of Tournay—"O Jesule! Jesule! quantum in hæc quæstione confirmavi legem tuam et exaltavi! Proferto si malignando et adversando vellem, fortioribus rationibus et argumentis scirem illam infirmare, et deprimentem improbare." Shall we translate this blasphemy? We may, perhaps, be allowed to do so. "O little Jesus! little Jesus! in this discussion how greatly have I confirmed and exalted thy law! Truly, had I been otherwise disposed,—had I chosen to be thine enemy,—I could have weakened, degraded, and denounced that law by stronger reasons, and by better arguments!" So much for the modesty of learned schoolmen!

*History of Rome.* By T. Arnold, D.D. Vol. I. Fellowes.

Few literary announcements were more likely to excite pleasing anticipations in classical scholars than a History of Rome by the judicious and learned editor of 'Thucydides'; still fewer have on their appearance so completely fulfilled expectation. Dr. Arnold is a disciple of Niebuhr's school, but is far from being his servile follower; he never permits his scepticism to run into dogmatism, but steers his course steadily between the two extremes,—

Believing nothing, and believing all.

The legendary history of Rome was supposed by Niebuhr to have been handed down to posterity in lays similar to the English ballads of Robin Hood, or the Spanish songs of the Cid. This has been generally felt to be the weakest part of his theory, for the Romans were never a

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poetical people; there is no mention of bards or minstrels in their early history, and hence we are led to conclude that the legends were merely prose traditions, most of which were preserved by their connexion with particular localities. We therefore approve of the form in which Dr. Arnold has given these traditions: he has narrated them in the style of similar British legends, and while he has thus at once pointed out to his readers what is historical and what is romantic in the Roman annals of Rome, he has settled the question of the authority of these stories, for no one who sees them in their present shape can ever again mistake them for history.

Dr. Arnold has also done good service by directing attention to the synchronism of Grecian and Roman history, and the great difference between the development of Hellenic and Latin civilization; even scholars too often forget that the cycle of Grecian literature and Grecian glory was complete before the light of knowledge had more than dawned on western Europe. Athens had seen her wars and treaties recorded in the pages of Thucydides, when Rome had no better mode of marking the lapse of time than by employing a priest to drive a nail annually in the temple of Jupiter.

The volume before us concludes with the capture of Rome by the Gauls. Dr. Arnold has given an interesting abstract of all that is known respecting the early history and migrations of this warlike race, carefully distinguishing between what is certain and what is merely plausible. He has also pointed out, not only the falsifications of the Roman accounts of the capture of the city, but also their origin, and has given the only consistent narrative of that event which we have yet seen. The labours of Dr. Arnold are a proper accompaniment to those of Niebuhr: if the latter excelled in destruction, the former is no less powerful in reconstruction. Niebuhr tore down the ancient fabric and cleared the ground—Dr. Arnold has undertaken to erect the new edifice, and though it has scarcely advanced beyond the foundations, it already gives promise of a noble and permanent structure.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*Letters from Palmyra.* 2 vols.—This reprint of an American novel ought to be acceptable to the many novel readers who took delight in 'Valerius,' and 'Salathiel,' and 'Pompeii,' as the last and by no means the feeblest reproduction of the scenes and personages of antiquity. The work was first introduced to the notice of the English public, in a recent number of the *London and Westminster Review*, and the most showy scenes and descriptions were extracted by the reviewer, in justification of the high commendation he was pleased to bestow on it. In our opinion, its merit does admit of this sort of illustration,—it lies in its general effect as a compact well-studied whole. The lover of "pearl and gold" will find nothing here to match with the elaborate splendour of 'Pompeii,' or 'The Epicurean'; there are no high-wrought scenes, like those of the amphitheatre in 'Valerius,' or the more melodramatic siege of the Holy City in 'Salathiel.' There is not even a mystery to be unravelled in the story; but it is something, in these days, to be spared the surprises and the machinery of the romancer; and no mean evidence of power, that, in dispensing with them, a writer is able to enchain our interest,—that his characters have truth enough to display themselves by following the desultory yet connected chain of real events, in place of requiring distorted positions, and forced grouping, and fictitious colour, to enable them to arrest attention. The story may be very briefly told. A noble Roman visits Palmyra in search of his brother, who had long before been taken captive, and detained in the city of Ecbatana. While awaiting the issue of a mission which he sets on foot through the agency of one Isaac, to communicate with, and tempt Rome-ward, the lost Calpurnius, he is himself drawn into the vortex of

fascination cast round her by the Queen of the East; and becomes, finally, the unwilling spectator of the downfall of her glory. Zenobia is, of course, the one figure of his picture round which the rest arrange themselves; a figure, well, because calmly conceived—and highly but unambitiously finished. There are few words put into her mouth which disturb or contradict the idea of her beauty, learning, courage, and queenly pride, which we have derived from the historians. She is, moreover, set off, rather than foiled, by those assembled round her:—Fausta, her friend, and almost worshipper—Julia, her daughter, less brilliant, but yet higher-hearted—the sage Longinus—and the bold, stern Zabdus. As we read we become insensibly attached to her cause: we regard the approach of its ruin with dismay, and close the record, but insufficiently comforted by the fair fortune for which the characters of the story (not of history) were spared, in the midst of a wreck so melancholy.

*Enquiry into the Nature and Effects of the Nervous Influence, and its Connexion with the Vital, Moral, and Intellectual Operations.*—The appearance of a work answering to this title, from the pen of a female, must be reckoned among the signs of the times. The range of information requisite for such a performance is necessarily wide; and if that knowledge be not deep in proportion to its extent, it still evinces a successful revolt of the author against the trammels, which, under the much-abused name of Education, society still desires to crib and confine the female mind withal. There is in every page evidence of an inquiring, a feeling, and a delicate intellect; and the whole teems with suggestive matter that might set many of the lords of the creation wondering—we scarcely dare say, thinking. That the volume is less than satisfactory,—erroneous in some of its physical statements, and inconsequent in its metaphysical conclusions,—is the fault, not so much of the writer, as of the foggy atmosphere of prejudices in which an Englishwoman is destined to live, and of the miserable no-training which the best educated of her sex receives. The writer possesses, it is clear, the independence of spirit necessary for free inquiry, and instinctive glimpses at truth to guide her in its search; but, her imagination undisciplined, and her logical faculty self-educated, cannot master those difficulties which have baffled alike the brightest geniuses, and the soundest reasoners, who have grappled with this branch of inquiry. It is no small evidence of the superiority which we would assign to the individual who has produced this volume, over the work itself, that she has done herself justice in that particular, and has taken pains to impress on her readers the theoretical character of her writings. There is nothing of dogmatism in her manner: what she advances, she gives as her opinion—as an hypothesis—as a conclusion, to which certain considerations have led her. She found her subject, as every one knows, a mere mass of words, a century distant from any approach to precise meaning; and if she has left it in no better condition, the failure is not chargeable to her account.

*Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia Petraea, and the Holy Land,* by George Stephens. 2 vols.—The *Athenæum* is becoming a sort of Publisher's provider. Hardly a week passes that we do not receive one or more reprints or translations of works to which we had directed attention. The very pleasant volumes now before us, were, as our readers will no doubt remember, reviewed at unusual length in this journal, towards the close of last year, (see Nos. 513, 514). The few copies which had reached London, were, we happen to know, sold forthwith, and others immediately sent for; and we have been somewhat surprised that so long an interval has elapsed without the work being re-published. Here, however, thanks to Mr. Bentley, it is at last: and, though somewhat late, we have no doubt it will be welcome. It is reprinted from the second American edition, which contains some interesting additions.

*Life of Sir Samuel Morland.*—Morland was a celebrated mathematician of the reign of Charles II., who devoted much attention to mechanical philosophy. He was the inventor of the speaking-trumpet—he constructed a calculating machine, but not of very extensive powers—and he acquired more knowledge of the elastic force of steam, than it was hitherto suspected had been attained in his age. The author

of this *Life*—a thin pamphlet—directs attention to a matter of some importance,—the want of a description of the mathematical manuscripts in the British Museum;—the brief notices in the catalogue are a very imperfect index to the nature of their contents, and there is little reason to doubt, that, if carefully examined, they would throw new light on the history of English science, and greatly exalt the mathematical character of our countrymen in the seventeenth century.

*The Book of the Court, &c. &c.*, by William J. Thoms.—A seasonable volume for the current year, when the position of our young Queen has naturally enough fixed the eyes of all her subjects more attentively than usual, on the etiquettes and observances which radiate from Royalty as a centre. Mr. Thoms's handsome volume exhibits—so his title-page tells us—"the origin, peculiar duties, and privileges of the several ranks of the nobility and gentry, more particularly of the great officers of state, and members of the Royal Household; with an Introductory Essay on Regal state and ceremonial, and a full account of the Coronation ceremony," &c. &c. The book appears to be carefully executed, and its correctness satisfactorily authenticated by numerous references in every section.—*The Coronation Manual: a Descriptive Companion to Westminster Abbey*, by J. S. Dalton, is also a book of the hour: it is almost needless to add, far flimsier, in its texture, than the useful work of reference with which it is coupled.

*Bauer's Theology of the Old Testament.*—The learned author of this treatise is regarded in Germany as the greatest ornament of the new school of biblical criticism, at once the most profound and sagacious of the rationalists. His design in this work is to show, that the idea of God and the notions of his providence were gradually unfolded in the Jewish religion; that they always corresponded with the existing degree of mental culture, and expanded themselves proportionate to the general advance of civilization. Arranging the books of the Old Testament in chronological classes, he attempts to collect from them the aspect of the Jewish religion in the successive stages of its development, and to determine the character and value of each. However commendable such an attempt may be, it is one obviously exposed to misrepresentation and controversy, and could not consequently be examined satisfactorily without a multitude of explanations equally inconsistent with the limits and objects of a literary paper.

*Capes on Church Authority.*—The design of this work is, to maintain the absolute right of private judgment in opposition to ecclesiastical authority. Though purely controversial, it is written in a mild and tolerant spirit; the author willingly concedes to others the liberty he claims for himself.

*On the Revival of Literature.*—This was a prize essay in a literary society: it contains no new views or information, but it condenses into a brief space what is spread over countless volumes on this hackneyed subject.

*M'Phun's Series of Pocket-Guides.*—This series is a collection of text-books for practical mechanics, engineers, &c., containing the principal formulæ and tables required in actual life and business, skilfully arranged and perspicuously explained. The tables in the 'Mathematician's Pocket Guide,' which sells for eighteen-pence, could not be obtained elsewhere for ten times that sum,—and the rules in the 'Engineer's Guide' have been collected from a number of expensive volumes, beyond the reach of working men. These rules also have been greatly simplified, and in the account of blocks and pulleys some observations are introduced, derived from experience, which elucidate the difference between theory and practice, so puzzling to amateurs of mechanical science. In brief, this series is cheap and good.

*Dr. Gregory's Farewell Lecture.*—In this address, Dr. Gregory brought under the consideration of the students of the Royal Military College, the aids and incentives to the acquisition of knowledge, and with an earnestness and zeal which are even more valuable than the philosophic spirit pervading his instructions. We have seen few addresses to youth better calculated to rouse their energies and direct their exertions.

*Humour and Pathos; or Essays, Sketches, and Tales,* by G. Wythen Baxter.—*Trifles for Leisure Hours*, by M. A. Z.—These two miscellanies, though of different strengths, naturally associate themselves

together; each being made up of fugitive stories, which it is impossible to analyze, and whose best excellence can but be found in the manner of the narrator. Mr. Baxter's are the more powerful; some of them having already appeared in the periodicals. M. A. Z. attempts both smartness and sentiment—succeeding best in the former vein.

*A Love Token for Children*, by the Author of 'The Linwoods.'—The American gift of writing pleasantly and profitably for children, and of providing a healthful occupation for imagination and feeling, has rarely been more happily exemplified than in this, the last of Miss Sedgwick's little books. The peculiar colouring of a scenery and dialect different from our own, gives these tales an interest for grown-up people; while the unobtrusive piety and sound morality inculcated, make it desirable that they should be largely employed in the education and amusement of the young.

*The Education of the Feelings*.—We recommend this work to the attention of parents and guardians; it gives valuable instruction respecting a branch of education the most important and the most neglected.

*The Rose-Fancier's Manual*, by Mrs. Gore.—Taking into account works original and translated, those acknowledged, and those published anonymously—we remember no author or authoress so indefatigable and voluminous as Mrs. Gore. Here, deserting the good and evil doers of May Fair, leaving that world in which Gunter, and Storr, and Howell play such important parts, and of which she is so voluble and sprightly an historian—she leads us out into the garden; not for a *déjeuner*, or archery meeting, as might be supposed—but to give us a straightforward substantial lesson in floriculture. This volume is, we believe, a translation from a French work, devoted to that bed of the *parterre*, in which our neighbours beyond Calais are said to bear away the prize from us. What would our ancient gardeners say—our Evelyns, and Tradescants, and Gerards—if, lifting up their heads to look at the wonders wrought by art in producing varieties of familiar flowers (the pansies, for instance, a genus at present especially fashionable), they encountered this book of some four hundred closely-printed pages, devoted to the family of the Queen of Flowers—and principally to a catalogue of her offspring? for our objection to 'The Rose-Fancier's Manual' is on account of its poverty in the chapter of practical information, which, according to the advertisement and prospectus, was to make "every person a rose grower." The seventeen pages devoted to "the culture of the rose," are vague and insufficient: every florist has a way of his own, and an account of the experience of such eminent gardeners as have had the greatest success in the cultivation, and in adding to the number of standard varieties, was essential to a work like the present, and would have repaid any reasonable amount of trouble bestowed on the collection and condensation.

*List of New Books*.—Demonstration of the Truth of Christianity, by Dr. Keith, Author of 'Evidence of Prophecy,' 12mo. 7s. 6d. cl.—Thompson's Life of Hannah More, crown 8vo. 12s. cl.—Polack's Travels in New Zealand, 2 vols. 8vo. 25s. bds.—Observations on the Management of Madhouses, by C. Crowther, M.D., 12mo. 2s. 6d. bds.—Growing Gold, or a Treatise on Cultivation of British Oak, by J. Sawyer, 8vo. 6s. bds.—The Elements of the Christian Religion, by Rev. R. Boys, 2nd edit. 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Townsend's New Testament, with Notes, 2 vols. 8vo. 4th edit. 30s. bds.—Cobbett's Scripture Proverbs for the Young, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Butts' (Rev. T.) Sermons, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Selections for a Lending Library, by Dr. Davys, 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.—Howes' Blessedness of the Righteous, 12mo. 4s. cl.—The Stage, by John Styles, D.D., 4th edit. 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Hannam's Pulpit Assistant, 8vo. 12s. cl.—Hunter's Sallust, for Schools, with English Notes, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Holiday's Complete Treatise on Practical Land-Surveying, 8vo. 10s. bds.—The Wife Hunter and Flora Douglas, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.—The Breakfast-Table Companion, royal 32mo. 3s. cl.—Sartor Resartus, by T. Carlyle, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Fiak's (Dr.) Travels in Europe, 8vo. 21s. cl.—Perranzabalo, by the Rev. T. Collins, 3rd edit. 12mo. 8s. cl.—Robins's Coronation Procession in the Abbey, 9s. cl.—The Coronation Manual, by J. S. Dalton, 12mo. 2s. 6d. bds.—Satan, a Poem, by Rev. R. Montgomery, 4th edit. 12mo. 9s. bds.—Historical Tales of the Southern Counties, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. bds.—Language of Flowers, 6th edit. 18mo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Alice, or the Mysteries, 3 vols. post 8vo. 2nd edit. 31s. 6d. bds.—Coghlan's Iron Road Book, London to Liverpool, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Little Frank, and other Tales, 16mo. 1s. 6d. bds.—Tales of the Great and Brave, 6s. 5s. cl.—The Missionary's Farewell, 4th edit. 18mo. 2s. cl.—Drake's London, Manchester, and Liverpool Rail-road Map, 2d. in case.—Flora Abreodensis, &c., by G. Dickie, A.M., 12mo. 2s. 6d.

## LITERATURE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

POLAND.—By STANISLAS KOŹMIAN.

[Concluded from p. 495.]

CAJETAŃ KOŹMIAN is remarkable as the most eminent defender of classicism. Assailed with every weapon which the armoury of fancy and wit can furnish, himself appalled like an ancient hero, he does not yield a single step, but fights his battle to the last, repelling with his broadsword and shining shield the divinities of popular tradition and poetry. It is round him, and sheltered in the shadow of his talent, that the exclusives gathered, and dealt out anathemas upon every composition not conforming to the codes of Horace and Boileau. Koźmian introduced himself to the public by two enthusiastic odes, inspired by the passage of the Imperial Eagle. His translation of Horace's Odes, which followed, was hailed with unanimous applause. But the work which established his reputation, belongs to yet another class of composition. The 'Polish Georgics' are, like Virgil's, divided into four books. Nothing can exceed the beauty and the truth of his descriptions of Polish husbandry: whether he describes the breaking of a horse, or the conflagration of a forest, the poet is equally truthful and spirited. Throughout the 'Polish Georgics,' it is evident that the didactic style can never subdue the lyric poet. His genius, like the eagle, which he describes so well, seems to delight in soaring, in rising superior to the cares of man. The purity of his diction is proverbial; but his versification is chargeable with an excess of labour. Improving upon Horace's precept, he delayed the publication of his work for a much longer period than nine years, till, yielding to general demand, he delivered up his manuscript to the printing establishment of Pulawy. But scarcely had its publication begun, when the late war broke out, and it shared the common fate of destruction. If any one rejoices at this, it can be only the author himself, who, in his beloved retreat, is still perfecting his work.

LOUIS OSIŃSKI played a very conspicuous part in that comedy of classicism, which, though performed to the great delight and the no small benefit of the nation, consisted in a certain degree of empty splendour and ridiculous pageantry. To omit the mention of him, would be something like suppressing in a Christmas pantomime the gambols and the freaks of the clown. It is related of Dr. Clarke, that one day when he perceived Beau Nash entering the room, where with his friends he was indulging in some playful wantonness, he stopped at once, exclaiming: "My boys, let us be grave, here comes a fool!" Having admitted Osinski, in like honourable character, into the society of our poets, I must deal with him as he deserves; and admitting his talent, animadvert upon the self-importance displayed by him in attacking those—the Romantics—who he could never equal, nor even understand. Distinguished by an elegance of language, and the display of a refined and ironical humour, he ruled the salons of Warsaw despotically, giving the watchword of praise or condemnation in every matter of taste. Ministering with his piquant flatteries to the vanity of the self-styled Homers, Virgils, and Horaces, who strutted proudly athwart the stage of our literature, he wielded the rod with intolerance and implacability, whenever there came beneath it the work of some poet self-taught and self-inspired. And hence, his name will be long remembered as that of the chief adversary of Mickiewicz, who has shed more lustre on our epoch than any of those who mourned only that the times were gone by, when poets were carried into the Capitol to receive the laurel of immortality. But if this sectarian spirit was reprehensible in an eminent public writer, it was doubly so in the professor of general literature at the university, and the director of the national theatre. To the fulfilment of the duties belonging to the former office he was utterly incompetent: knowing little of Shakespeare, and ridiculing Goethe, he fed his crowded audiences with scraps from Blair and Laharpe, patched up, and delivered with a grace which would have disarmed, for the moment, his bitterest foe. I must speak of him more gently, however, in his capacity of director of the national theatre, to the prosperity of which he greatly contributed by his numerous and admirable translations. His versions

of Le Cid, Les Horaces, and Cinna, by Corneille, and of Voltaire's *Alzire*, display all the beauty and the vigour of our language. Most of his criticisms on art and literature are to be found in the *Warsaw Memorial*, a magazine which, for a long period, he conducted with ability. There, also, his version of the 10th book of the *Eneid*, and his minor poetry, are preserved. With the single exception of his two Odes, one of which is addressed to Copernicus, his writings can but claim the merit of belonging to standard language. An abundance of courtier-like wit, an admirable style, and astonishing powers of elocution, placed him at the head of the critics, and make up the sum of his worth. What a pity for him that the office of Poet-Laureate has never existed in Poland!

The names of FELIŃSKI and WENYK, as poets, must be mentioned together, being linked by analogy in genius and identity of subject. One of the few tragic events of the history of our kings, the death, by poison, of Barbara Radziwiłł, wife of Sigismund the Second, furnished both of those poets with a theme, treated by each in a manner which places him at the head of the dramatic writers of this period. Hence, their names are pronounced in Poland in the same breath of praise. If Felinski possesses more of Racine's tenderness, Wenzyk has embodied in his compositions much of Corneille's manly strength and vigour: if the former is the more delicate, and polished, and refined, the latter has the greater richness and strength. But it must be noted, that whereas the genius of the former dwindle in his two other dramas, the vigorous imagination and knowledge of human art possessed by the latter, are shown yet more eminently in his tragedies, 'Boleslaus the Bold,' and 'Gliński.' The delineation of the character of Treпка, in this last play, is a masterly portrait, worthy to be ranked by the side of those drawn by Shakespeare, Schiller, and Goethe. Wenzyk possesses, also, didactic powers of no mean order, as may be seen by his poem, 'The Environs of Cracow.' If in this a lyric spirit too often breaks forth, it must be forgiven; for the poet stands within the range and the shadow of the tombs of Polish glory.

Taking the occasion offered by the mention of these two writers,—far though their productions stand from works of the same class in Germany and England,—I will take a rapid glance over the dramatic literature of this period, first showing the causes of its general barrenness. Whenever tragedy mingles with a nation's daily and domestic life,—speaks in the senate, walks abroad in the market-place, and sits by the hearth, sending destruction and desolation into the heart of a great country, it would be strange if her shadow did not desert the stage. This was the case during the horrors of the French revolution: this also must have been the case during the less cruel, but longer protracted convulsions of Poland. During that period, in both countries,—as it were, for contrast sake,—the artificial pastoral drama invaded the domain of her nobler sister. The spirit of Polish poetry, too, lent itself with difficulty to the rigid trammels of the great drama. On the other hand, when brotherly love and mutual forbearance were imperative as a bond of union for the achievement of our independence, Comedy, with her auxiliaries Sarcasm and Mockery, could excite little sympathy. The malicious spirit, who could vent his bile in a short satire, was hardly able to protract his ill-humour beyond the span of a moment. Then, if we take into account, that the perfection of drama arrives only with the mature age of literature,—that the prevalent imitation of the French denied to the Polish stage any work which had not the sanction of Boileau or Laharpe; but, above all, that foreign despotism could ill brook the agency of noble and independent spirit on the boards of a theatre, we shall readily understand the impossibility of any exercise of genius in so narrow and jealously guarded a circle. Nor must we forget some additional circumstances, which spread a shadow over a region already dreary. For instance, one Bohomolec, a Jesuit, wrote a score of tolerable comedies, but having composed them for the schools, in which dra-



matic performances were established by the advice and under the care of Konarski, he was obliged to write his plays without female characters. Tame and imperfect as these works are rendered by such an omission, they are still preferable to his other comedies, wherein he departed from his rule, and introduced "the sex."

The original comedies of F. ZABLOCKI, and his magnificent translation of 'Amphitryon,' promised well as the commencement of a new era. But the author, as if in disgust of his dawning glory, entered early into holy orders, and, considering his sacred calling incompatible with his ancient occupation, laid by his pen.—BOGUSLAWSKI, who deserved well of his country, for having contributed to keep alive the popular taste for dramatic performances, by visiting with his itinerant troop the different and far-distant towns of the dismembered country, and by maintaining the national theatre in Warsaw through so many changes and vicissitudes,—diluted the talent he possessed in too large a number of ephemeral plays. OSINSKI, as we have said, would never hazard himself by embarking in an original enterprise. General KROPINSKI, instead of having been excited to fresh essays by the extraordinary success which attended the representation of his fine tragedy 'Ludgarda,' abandoned the drama for romances after the pattern of 'La nouvelle Héloïse.' Were I to enumerate all authors who have failed in this branch of composition, the line would stretch beyond any reasonable degree of length. I conclude, not as I began, with two authors identified by subject, but bearing different names,—but by a pair diverse in literary vocation, though belonging to the same name and family. The two FÆDROS are the Democritus and the Heraclitus of the Polish stage. He, however, who wears the buskin, remains far behind the lively comic writer, whose triumphs have been as brilliant as well deserved.

Colonel GODEBSKI's name transports us from the theatre to the camp. It was natural that the expatriated soldier should find his inspiration in themes of war and battle. Like Körner, Godebski sung amidst the turmoil of battles; and, like Körner, he died with the sword in his hand. He fell on the plains of Raszyn in 1808. His principal work bears the title of 'The Grenadier Philosopher.' His minor pieces, as well as his address to the Polish legions, are of the highest order. The works of General MORAWSKI, late Minister of War, are of a wholly different class and complexion. He delights in those performances which owe little to the subject,—everything to the manner and expression. He is also to be mentioned as the translator of Racine's 'Andromaque.' But though he wrote much, he published very little. It is generally understood, that the Grand Duke Constantine did not encourage such pursuits among military men; holding, like Frederic of Prussia, that the perfection of a soldier was to be *grand, fort, et bête*. Morawski has borne a large share in the obloquy levelled against the followers of the new school; of whom, he says, in one of his controversial letters, "They eat well, drink better, but sigh constantly after death." No one, however, of our poets has so well embodied in his verse images of war, none so vividly infused into his poetry the sound of the trumpet and the tramp of the war-horse, as Colonel GORECKI, and, strange to say, however, he was no less excellent in the composition of religious poetry.

CASIMIR BRODZINSKI's poetry possesses that simplicity, grace, and spontaneous inspiration, with which, in an extemporaneous song, the Polish peasant, whether drinking or dancing, gives vent to the outbursts of his fancy. The remark of an old soldier, who, upon hearing some of young Casimir's pieces, observed, that there was "nothing new in them, because he heard and sung them some twenty or thirty years ago," is better praise than any we could bestow upon their merits. But Brodzinski fills in the commonwealth of letters a much more important station than that of a popular songster. It was he who first broke through the fetters imposed upon the reviving spirit of national literature. It was he who first lent his ear to popular stories, repeated them in his charming manner, and thus pointed out to the young men of Poland a fresh source of poetry. It would have required an extraordinary determination to raise a sudden revolt against classicism.

Brodzinski, though clad in the humble Cracovian garb, but recommended by the grace of his manner and style, was admitted to that literary emporium, where none but those flaunting in a Roman toga, or shining in the dress of the age of Louis XIV., were allowed to enter. But, presently, forsaking his formal companions, he produced works of such simplicity and nature, as to form a link between the classical and romantic styles. They are numerous. Besides his Polish, Bohemian, and Servian songs, and his poems, we owe to him many translations from the German, French, and English. Among the latter, Schiller's 'Mary Stuart,' and Scott's 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' deserve particular mention. In prose, his history of the Polish literature, his tales, and his critical disquisitions, are richly coloured with that vivid fancy, which enabled him to draw splendid imagery from objects unheeded by others; but they are tempered with that philosophic research, that erudition, in which he had no rival among his contemporaries. His life passed over smoothly and quietly, though tinged by a melancholy peculiar to his character. He served in the army, but left the service after the campaign of 1812, and settled in a village near Cracow,—finding a source of inspiration in the sounds and sights of rural life. His poetry, indeed, possesses a peculiar charm and freshness. In the course of his labours in the University of Warsaw, where he afterwards filled the high office of Professor of Polish Literature, the fervour of his youth was sobered down, and matured into rare literary excellence. The English reader, who has chanced to peruse Dr. Bowring's Polish Anthology, must have formed a favourable judgment of our poet, from the circumstance that the translator, who is generally somewhat spiritless, catches a sudden fire and inspiration when he handles Brodzinski. I need but recall to the reader's memory, or point out to his attention, the rural tale of 'Wieslaw.'

But the student is not to imagine, that it is only of poets that the historian of Polish Literature has to treat—the fabric raised by our authors could not have stood, had it merely consisted of ornamental work. If it is rich in paintings, sculptures, &c. it is proportionally strong in its supports—though the sceptic may deny this, if he judges from the rapid progress of the edifice;—forgetting that the admirable temple of Saint Sophia was built in six short years! There is some affinity between these two cases. Konarski, like Anthemius, formed the plan, and directed its execution. King Stanislaus, like Justinian, laying by his royal robes, partook of the labour, and admitted to his companionship the most skilful or diligent of his fellow workmen. Both edifices (to carry our parallel a step further) were shaken by a horrible earthquake soon after their erection. If, like the Emperor, the Polish King did not live to restore the pile, the earthquake in Poland produced new materials and new artificers, whose labours are to assure it a perpetuity of duration—artificers and guardians, who, in spite of all endeavours of ruthless conquerors, will not allow it to become, like St. Sophia, the temple of another faith. The structure reared by the people, of national materials, is already complete, and raised to its summit.

Thus we pass to the last and most perfect stage of Polish poetry. I must, however, mention a few of those who, in the less showy branches of prose composition and learning, largely contributed to the advance of imaginative literature. Konarski stands foremost. Czacki, the Polish Blackstone, follows him, with his voluminous compendium of national law in one hand, in the other his admirable plan of general education, which, by following up, he raised the University of Wilna to a splendour greater than it ever boasted, and in a short space of time increased the number of higher Colleges in Lithuania and Volhynia, from five to one hundred and twenty-seven. Albertandy, the patient and ingenious scholar, the Polyhistor of his time, contributed to Polish history three hundred volumes of materials collected by his talent and industry in Italy and Sweden. Kollontay considered the political re-organization of Poland philosophically. Stanislas Potocki must not be passed over as representing Polish elegance, whether in the debates of the Diet, or on those melancholy and imposing occasions when Death bereft Poland of some of her illustrious sons: his funeral orations, indeed, present some valuable

contributions to the history of contemporary literature. Though among the poets we have not mentioned a woman—Elizabeth Druzbacka—the divine poet, as she was called,—we must not forget that she was only one among our authoresses. The Princess Czartoryski wrote largely for the instruction of the lower classes, the improvement of their condition being a constant object of interest to her. The excellence of Clementine Tanski's works for children, also claims recognition. To these must be added a more extended notice of Staszyc, Sniadecki, and Lelewel; the first being the best representative of the learning, activity, and devotion of the period in which he flourished; the second as the philosophic director of the old school; the third as the herald of the new era.

STANISLAS STASZYC was, from infancy, devoted by his mother to holy orders; in his old age he loved to advert to the years when he was a sprightly boy, dressed indeed like a monk, but unconscious of the gravity of his calling. Youth, however, changed the playful child into a diligent student, closely applying himself to natural philosophy, visiting foreign countries, making thereby acquaintance with the great spirits of the age, and, by his skill and industry, collecting an independent fortune. Manhood ushered him into general notice as a scientific writer, a poet, and philanthropist. 'The Life of the Great Zamoycki,' an original poem "on the human race," and a translation, in blank verse, of Homer's works, all owe their paternity to him. Having carefully examined the nature of the soils throughout the kingdom, and visited the long chain of the Carpathian Mountains, he composed a very valuable work 'On the Geology of Poland.' The establishment of a school of medicine and surgery in Warsaw, and the devotion of the greater part of his fortune to the purchase of an estate, which he divided among peasants, subject only to the payment of a very moderate rent, (from the accumulation of which adjacent estates were to be purchased, and likewise all tenures abolished,) are two acts of unexampled munificence, which place him at the head of national benefactors. Staszyc's virtues did not decline in his later days—the infirmities of age caused no pause in his incessant labours, nor quenched his spirit of persevering charity. Though honoured with the highest dignities in the kingdom, he lived in the most unostentatious style; but no poor or unfortunate man ever left his door without aid or comfort. He bestowed large sums upon hospitals, continued to be a generous and munificent friend of the artist and the learned, built a splendid house for the Society of the Friends of Science and Literature, to which he filled the laborious office of the president,—placing in the spacious area in front of that building the statue of Copernicus. In the government he performed the different and arduous duties of a minister of state, of the director of mines, a commissioner in the board of education, and the chief of the committee of examination. "Such a laborious life," says his friend Niemcewicz, "spent without any relaxation, could not fail at last, to destroy him." He declined rapidly, and after an illness of a few days, he closed his exemplary career on the 20th of June, 1826, at the age of more than seventy years." After his death, his name, his tomb, and his works did not escape unworthy usage at the hands of the Russians. They prohibited the erection of a monument, which the Royal Society and the nation had decreed to him. Those who honoured his memory, or made pilgrimages to his burial place, were arrested and kept in prison. The police carried away from the vaults of the Royal Society all the copies of a splendid edition of his works, which Staszyc himself had deposited there, "preserving thus a valuable treasure for better times." "On perusing Staszyc's diatribe against tyranny, (relates his friend,) the Duke Constantine threw a copy of the work into the fire, exclaiming, that he would not suffer any other fuel for his chimney than Staszyc's works;" and it is an undeniable fact, reminding us of the deeds of Omar, in Alexandria, that he continued to keep his word as long as any copies could be found."

JOHN SNIADIECKI, the Rector of the Wilna University during nine consecutive years, placed that national institution in such a prominent station, as enabled it to challenge comparison with the most celebrated universities of Europe. For this he would deserve the highest place in our literary annals, did he not possess another claim to distinction, as the

philosopher, who gave the impulse to his time, uttered its spirit in his works, and enlightened and directed its course. When he entered on his career, the systems of Materialism and Spiritualism were at issue; Germany taking the side of the ideal and the abstract—France, continuing the work of the eighteenth century, ranging herself under the standard of a sceptical philosophy. The latter system, by its nature, leading to immediate practical results, and presenting axioms and arguments in terms readily to be found in every language, was, of the two, the most calculated to take root on a new and uncultivated soil. Sniadecki understood this at once, and it was from France that he borrowed his light. He gave precedence in the University to mathematics and natural sciences over literature, belles lettres, and speculative philosophy. Having trained the youth in the former, and brought them to the farthest limits of the positive, he paved the way for the triumph of the new school, though, by his strict conscientiousness, he declined the honours of its sponsorship; while, by his no less strict neutrality, he was exposed to the opprobrium of its chief persecutors. His coercive influence hastened the dawn of the new era. Intimate knowledge of the elements of nature begot philosophy; the study of the organization of the body directed thought to the constitution of the mind; the pursuit of logic led the student into researches after ideal beauty. His principles, and prejudices, too were no less actively influential in the comparatively limited domain of literature. Patronizing, promoting, extolling those who were successful as classicists, he opposed himself to all productions of more original stamp. Genuine, unrestrained feeling, seemed to him a blameable waste of energy; poetry an amusement of the idle. The sanctuary of literature, according to his scheme, would be as naked as the walls of the Caaba,—as empty as the Jewish temple, where the victorious Pompey, looking around without perceiving either altars or statues, exclaimed—“*Nulla intus deum effigies, vacua sedes et inania arca.*” But the muse of Poland, excited to irregular and extravagant actions by the rigour of his statutes, rebelled, and let loose upon him a host of ghosts, imps, and witches, giving him reason to regret that he ever began the contest.

It was natural that this lover of the exact and precise should strive to subjugate, not merely thought and imagination, but also forms of expression and language. Hence his celebrity as the purest, the most elegant prose writer of later times. Hence, also, his frequent, and sometimes frivolous controversies about an expression, a word, or even a letter; any of which, if not written according to his rules, was enough to make him condemn a whole work. Sniadecki's great merit consists in his having supplied our scientific vocabulary with new and most appropriate terms. His name is, therefore, irresistibly interwoven with the prosperity and existence of science in Poland. What he did for Mathematics and Astronomy, his brother Andrew performed for Chemistry and Physiology: and whether or not there be bright days in store for the University of Wilna, it has already lived one golden age—that of the two Sniadeckis.

JOACHIM LELEWEL stands alone in the fourteenth and highest schedule of state-criminals, according to the scale of Russian justice. Were similar divisions made in this literary record of mine, he must likewise have been placed in the most prominent station. The whole history of his life is one of illustrious achievements. But if Providence (to use Schiller's expression) has sent him into the world with two closed patents,—one to literary, another to political eminence—we may ask, regretfully, why did he ever unseal the latter? Fortunately, the first only falls within the limits of my task. We could hardly find, in the whole circle of celebrated historians, an individual more distinguished than Lelewel by the combination of a brilliant imagination with a disposition for diligent and minute research of unknown and obscure details. It is true that he does not know himself to be a poet, but the fact is evident throughout his works: his genius breaks out through the mass of his erudition, and bursts the chains of most wearisome and tedious subjects. Thus, when speaking of some rusted coin dug out from the ruins of an old castle, he will seem, at the outset, tedious

and elaborate in his minute inquiry, till, in the long train of argument concerning the undefaced marks of the stamp, he stumbles over some illustrious name, or meets with some extraordinary event, when he recovers his energy, pours out all his mind, develops his comprehensive views, refreshes and re-vivifies the mind of the reader with the stores of his imagination, introduces episodes of the utmost interest. After being many a year shut up,—fortified, as it were,—among old books, manuscripts, and relics, he issued forth from his stronghold to take possession of the chair of History in the Wilna University. The crowds which attended his lectures, the applauses of the learned and the studious, bore him triumphantly through his task, difficult and arduous as it was; for he had to struggle with the adverse party headed by Sniadecki, whose *αὐτορ εἶπε* possessed an oracular authority with the greatest part of the thinking public. How stirring and electrifying were his addresses, many of his pupils remain gratefully to tell. One day,—it was during a period of severe persecutions in Wilna,—Lelewel ascended the cathedra, and exclaimed, “To arms, brethren, to arms! we shall die or conquer liberty!” The enraptured audience suddenly rose, uncertain of the Professor's purpose; when he calmly added, “such was the cry which rang through Helvetia's hills, when William Tell reared the standard of independence.”

It will be easily understood how Lelewel became the apostle of new ideas, the founder of a school, which, crossing the limits of experimental knowledge, ventured into the regions of the abstract—the ideal; and thus turning the student's gaze from the outward world towards the inner, the mind, made him join a revolution against the material, in favour of the spiritual. His first hostilities with Sniadecki were caused by a trifle. Lelewel's style savours too much of his erudition and his study of old Polish books, and is deficient in grace and ease. Besides this, what was said of Gibbon justly applies to him, namely, that his sentences are formed on the plan of compressing into them the greatest possible quantity of information. So frequently was he abused on this account by Sniadecki and his satellites, that his successor in the chair of History, when enumerating the most eminent Polish historians, said—“At their head proudly stands the learned Lelewel; it must be only regretted that his works have not been, as yet, done into Polish.” The struggle presently assumed a serious aspect. The Professor was expelled from Wilna. From a peaceful teacher he became a conspirator. The late revolution found him at its head: but in the hour of triumph all his energy and genius abandoned him. He could not shape his resolution to the exigencies of the moment, and lost his republican simplicity and candour in the constitutional etiquette and monarchical mannerism of the government, of which he was a member. He is at present resident at Brussels, still intent upon the furtherance of his beloved pursuits. The enumeration of the titles of his works would exceed all possible limits. His last biographer counts as many as eighty works and pamphlets, to which his name is attached, all of them referring to the annals of the Slavonian race; and hence has arisen his popularity in the east of Europe, while, in the west, only a select few of the learned have learnt to mention his name with commendation. ‘The Book of Edda,’ and his last work, ‘The Numismatics of the Middle Ages,’ are records of his excursions upon foreign ground. In the age of Niebuhr and Savigny, of Guizot and Hallam, Europe may find another worthy tribute for the writer, who, by an accurate knowledge of Slavonia, has given civilization a new domain, and proved the claims of affinity of a race, whose institutions she was used to qualify, and treat with a tone of superiority, if not of contempt.

The new school, proud alike of Sniadecki and Lelewel, of its adversary and its tutor, had not long to wait before a genius appeared, who revolutionized the whole nation with the magic of his poetical inspiration. To mention him I must re-enter the region of poetry. With him I shall speak of three others following in his train.

The reader is prepared for the name of ADAM MICKIEWICZ. The appearance of this author in ordinary times, though hailed with admiration, would have been only like a brief angel-visit without a

message from heaven,—like lightning unfollowed by thunder. But the rise and progress of his genius, falling as they did within the verge of a great era, must necessarily impress upon our minds the justness of Bacon's remark, that great men are like great mountains, which reflect the first rays of the coming sun. From the very nature of his mission he belongs not to the class of those who spring up from the very womb of the eruption to stem and direct the current, but of those who alight on earth carried on the wings of the faintly-heard sound of distant convulsions,—who are born to shadow forth coming events, to foretell or suffer, to be prophets or martyrs, as fortune may determine. To display the extent of his powers and consequent influence is here impossible: all that can be done is to enumerate his works, pointing as we go to the golden thread which runs throughout them. It is enough to say, that modern Polish literature, however interesting and diversified, would lose its crowning excellencies, its connecting link, were the name of Mickiewicz obliterated.

A few dates of his life and career may fitly introduce an examination of his works. He was born about the year 1798, in Lithuania, the son of an advocate. He began his studies at Novogrodek, continued them at the Gymnasium at Wilna, and completed them at the university of that town with honour to himself. An early attachment, which was unfortunate, may have been with him, as with many others, the immediate inspiration of his poetry; but we find him in the year 1822, publishing a volume of translations from the German, and national ballads, which contained among other pieces, his ‘Grazyna’; this work which was received with great praise, being presently followed by his ‘Ode to the Young Men,’ which was crowned by the association of the pupils of the University of Wilna. The tendency of this poem was calculated to excite suspicion and persecution. Taking advantage of certain actionable proceedings of a literary society with which he was connected, the government condemned Mickiewicz to banishment. The place of his exile was Odessa, where many of his brilliant oriental poems were written. Here, however, he was not permitted to remain: the Russian government having tracked him to his shelter, summoned him to Moscow, and placed him under the surveillance of the police. But this arbitrary measure was, in its issue, productive of good to the poet. It introduced him to the notice of Prince Galitzin, then military superintendent of Moscow, who, surprised by the talent of his charge, conducted him to St. Petersburg, where he published his works, which were received with the warmest welcome from the Muscovite party. Ere long, through the interest exercised on his behalf by his admirers, he was permitted to quit Russia on his travels through Europe, in the progress of which he made himself known to Goethe, and other distinguished persons. To detail the wanderings of the poet and improvisatore, (for Mickiewicz unites both characters,) would lead us too far: let me endeavour to show him as an author—as a benefactor to his country. And here, by way of foil, I must contrast him with a dark figure; this being Sniadecki. The impulse to materialism given by the latter, already mentioned, could not but ultimately have proved disastrous to Poland. A nation conquered, dismembered, and oppressed by force, requires all the powers and capacities of spirit to enable it to break through its shackles. A generation devoting itself to the happiness of posterity must exchange the enjoyments of sense for the welfare of soul. Moreover, as the highest faculty of mind consists in contemplating and understanding its own nature, so the maturity of a spirit of nationality evidences itself by a return upon itself for the scrutiny of its elements, tendencies, and aims. The perception of this truth led to the foundation of those different societies which were formed in Wilna about the year 1820. The system of Sniadecki produced at first a laudable application to mathematical sciences; but its consequences were soon apparent in the rise of Epicurean societies among the students. A reaction, however, came; and produced those patriotic assemblies\* in which the rallying points were a rigorous morality, no less than an enthusiastic attachment to everything national. And hence the young men

\* One of these was fancifully called “The Radiant;” it chose the sun for its emblem. Its seven divisions were denominated after the seven component colours of a ray.



of Lithuania, who had enthusiastically applauded Goluchowski, the expounder of German philosophy, and Lelewel, the inspired interpreter of our ancient annals, because the first was (so to speak) the poet of philosophy, and the second that of history, could find no bounds of admiration for Mickiewicz's genius, who gave their anxieties, their hopes, their forebodings an utterance—a language at once vigorous, fanciful, and manly. The works produced by him previously to the revolution divide themselves into five heads.

The first will contain his earliest publication, two volumes of songs, ballads, and popular stories. The second 'Grazyna,' his first regular poem, which takes its name from its heroine. She is the wife of Litawor, a Lithuanian prince, who enters into a league with the Grand Master of the Teutonic order, with the view of avenging his injuries on his lord and kinsman, the Grand Duke Witold. The night before the expedition, Grazyna sends an insulting message to the Germans; then assuming her husband's armour, issues at day-break from the castle, and, followed by her Lithuanians, falls upon the Teutonic army, routs it, and falls in the encounter, thus preventing a scheme calamitous to both princes, and favourable only to their common enemy. "I was," says Litawor, in one of the finest passages of the poem, "rolled from my swaddling clothes into a coat of armour." Even so in this work the poet himself casts off the gossamer clothing of imagination for the armour of well-marked purpose—exchanges Poland scarcely awakened and still dreaming among its dim old fables, for Poland devoting herself for the union of her dismembered race, and the combination of their strength against their common enemy. To come to the third division—there is an ancient custom still kept up in some parts of Lithuania, in which Pagan superstition is singularly blended with the more elevated notions of Christianity. This is called Dziady, or the Feast of the Dead. "It is singular," says the author, "that the custom of treating the dead is common to all Pagan nations. In the Homeric times of old Greece, among the Scandinavian tribes, in the east, and even now in the islands of the new world, we may trace its existence." The celebration of that feast in Lithuania commonly falls on the day when the Catholic church offers its prayers for the souls of the departed. The people congregate at midnight within the ruins of some old church or house situated near a cemetery. There they dress tables strewn with all the delicacies their poverty can furnish. A popular poet or enchanter takes his station in the middle of that circle, and calls upon the dead to rise and to choose what may alleviate their pains. None but the oppressors of the poor and the traitors of their country are scared away from the participation in the feast. How the Polish poet dealt with this superstition, and with what magnificent touches of feeling and fancy he ennobled it, it is easier to conceive than explain. The second and the fourth cantos only were originally published: the latter being an episode of an unfortunate love, in which the wrong done to the Gretchen of Goethe is avenged by the retributive torment of a being of Faust's sex. The fourth division of the works of Mickiewicz will embrace his 'Wallenrod.' In the course of the fourteenth century a chief, renowned in the council and on the battle-field, became the Grand Master of the Teutonic order. At the cost of the immense treasures of the state he collected a numerous army to invade the Pagan Lithuania, tempting at once the pious zeal of a Christian missionary and the worldly appetite for conquest and spoil. But, by unaccountable delays, unskilful command, or treasonable designs, he lost the whole army amidst the snows and in partial engagements, and thus destroyed the power of his order more rapidly and entirely than ever the Lithuanian sword could have done. This story, which appears mysterious to historians, and is related as a miraculous event in the old chronicles, presented no difficulties to the imagination of the poet. His Konrad Wallenrod is a Lithuanian, who has sworn the ruin of his country's foes. The Poles caught at once the whole range of the poet's conception. While they enthusiastically admired the beauty of particular images in the transcendent sublimity of the narrative, they recognized its deeper purpose. Konrad Wallenrod became the watchword of the national conspiracies. Its motto, "Dovete adunque sapere come

sono due generazioni da combattere,—bisogna essere volpe e leone," ran like a beacon-fire from the Oder to the Borysthenes. Lastly, comes 'Farys,' a short piece of poetry, which sums up the poetical vision of Mickiewicz;—an English translation of this appeared in an early number of the *Metropolitan*.

It has been already stated, that Mickiewicz was exiled into Russia for his participation in the secret societies of Wilna. But though condemned as a traitor, he was received, both in Moscow and in St. Petersburg, with a warm and admiring welcome; foremost in which were the aristocracy of Russia. Such manifestations not being peculiarly acceptable to the police, they ordered him into the Crimea, over the ruins of which, as Gaszynski says, "he strewed diamonds." Indeed, his 'Crimean Sonnets' are the offspring of his happiest inspiration. Owing, however, to the interference of some nobleman, powerful at court, he was subsequently permitted to travel, but with an express order never to return to the dominions of Russia. In 1832 he re-appeared in Paris, no longer the revolutionary poet of Poland, but a humble disciple in the school of L'Abbe de la Mennais. The third canto of 'Dziady' was his first poetic composition after this metamorphosis. This is intended for a record of the Russian persecutions in Wilna. With the exception of one scene, there is nothing to prevent our believing that it might have been written in prose. 'Squire Tadeus' is a voluminous poem founded upon a tale from the annals of the feuds of the Polish nobles. Its images, its descriptions, remind us of the best days of his genius: but it is a record of the past, without any moral for the future—a meed to the valour of the dead, without a word for the living;—the lyrist is lost in the historian—the poet in the mystic. The seventh and eighth volumes of the works of Mickiewicz, just published in Paris, confirm our opinion. Our author has been lately married. The world would perhaps have preferred that he should have imitated Petrarch, who, when the Pope expressed his readiness to secularize him, that he might unite with Laura, answered, "Wait a little longer, I have some more sonnets to write." But, to use a simile already applied to Napoleon, the very rags of his robe of glory would suffice to cover a host of kings and smaller princes of poetry. To analyze his merits coolly is not easy for our national love. Endowed with more of Byron's imagination than of Goethe's searching philosophy, we find that he combines, in a remarkable degree, the faculties of both—the imagery of the east with the contemplativeness of the west. *Ce n'est plus l'Europe, ce n'est pas encore l'Asie*, was a traveller's remark upon Poland; a remark which, with a slight modification, we may echo when perusing Mickiewicz's works. Editions have been multiplied beyond anything hitherto known in Poland. Goethe placed the author's portrait in his own cabinet, expressing, on every opportunity, his admiration for the Polish poet. The sculptor David made his bust. The most conspicuous of German and French *littérateurs* have translated his works. England cannot long remain behind. When Heine visited the deck of an Indiaman, crossing his arms and bowing in courtesy to the natives, he exclaimed "Mahomet!" In return for his civility, they answered "Bonaparte!" Even so the admiration in which the Poles hold Byron, will be best acknowledged by England's learning to appreciate Mickiewicz.

SEWERYN GOSZCZYNSKI has followed the traces of Mickiewicz. In his youth he used to visit the humble cottages of the peasants, to listen to their traditional stories, and to re-cast them in the original mould of his genius; his mind, distressed by the sight of misery, sought relief in a soothing song, or welcomed "the orphans of bliss" to "the banquet of vengeance." His poem bearing the latter title is ineligible for translation, like some of Crabbe's dismal realities: but to the diseased taste of the oppressed nation, it possessed the relish of a congenial food. The writings of our author are generally so distinctively national that they would lose all their beauty by being transplanted to a foreign soil. As a soldier, Goszczynski was amongst the few young men who, by a bold attack on the Duke Constantine's palace, gave the signal for the revolution. As a poet, 'The Castle of Kaniow,' a regular composition in three cantos, exhibits in one view his merits and defects. This is founded on an episode from the annals of the revolt of the Cossacks against

their tyrannical masters. If it contain nothing feeble, there are few details, the masterly narration of which does not awaken our regret, that the atrocities of human nature should fall within the domain of poetry. Even the incidental love-story is of a piece with the dismal character of the whole. "O sons of my beloved country," exclaimed Goszczynski, in the second canto, "you will not trust to the warning song of the poet; you turn away your eyes from the future, to forego the sight of that horrible moment, when slavery, roused from her trance, having drunk deep in the well of her own tears, shall begin her dance of unchained freedom. Your fathers have witnessed that festivity."

ANTONI MALCZESKI belongs to the class of those who are doomed to expiate the possession of the divine gift by the sufferings of a wretched existence;—that long train whereof Homer is the first, and neither Gilbert, dying in an hospital, nor Chatterton, putting an end to his painful life, are the last. There are three epochs in the life of this poet: the first, that of his military career, in which he distinguished himself as an able engineer; the second, that of an adventurous traveller; the third, a period of misery and want brought on by unfortunate love. An untimely death put an end to his misery. To his country's stores of thought and feeling Malczeski made a brilliant addition in the shape of a short but glowing poem, founded upon a subject since successfully dramatized by Korzeniowski, and which, unfortunately, is not altogether fictitious. The son of a proud and wealthy nobleman in Ukraine has married a lady of humble extraction, without his father's consent. The latter having used, in vain, all means to break that union, employs a stratagem, feigns a sudden return to gentler feeling, and proffering his hand of reconciliation, sends his son against the invading Tartars, to give him an opportunity of winning with his bravery the fair Maria. While Maria's father is engaged in training her young husband to war, and successfully repulses the Tartars, a Kulik, sent by his revengeful adversary, invades his house, and in the confusion of the scene, puts his daughter to death:—the victor returns but to find his wife a corpse! The heroine is a beautiful creation. It was a year after the publication of his completed task that the Poet died, unmourned, unnoticed. But the Poles now, as if in atonement of their neglect, cherish and admire this monument of his genius, beyond any contemporary work. Editions of it are constantly multiplied, and the first, the only work in Polish which has as yet appeared in England, is Malczeski's 'Maria.' It is unknown in whose hands his other unpublished compositions remain.

The songs of ZALESKI BORDAN bear the imprint of a more elegant and chastened mind than Goszczynski's poetry; they are, in their smoothness and brightness, like his native river, the Borysthenes, before it meets the thirteen rocky ridges thrown across its current by Nature. His hero is not the Cossack, enemy to mercy, revelling in the performance of retaliating justice, but that generous warrior of the Ukraine, who, leaning over his lance or caressing his swift charger, celebrates the exploits of his brethren or the charms of his steppes. There is a strange fascination in all this poetry. Few of his songs are known, but those few have placed their author in the foremost rank of our poets. The fate of Mazeppa forms the subject of the only poem he wrote, and with this we are merely acquainted by report. Byron's adoption of the same legend excited a noble emulation among our writers. On a fixed day some of the most celebrated of them met in Warsaw, each bringing his own composition on that subject. When by turns all had read their lucubrations, they opened a manuscript anonymously sent to them:—having read it, Brodzinski, no mean authority in that respect, declared that the last far outstripped the others in its beauty and perfection. It was Zaleski's hasty essay, which may one day, perhaps, find an honorary place beside Byron's brilliant effusion. The peculiar characteristics of Zaleski, and the source of his inspirations, lead us to remark that he, as well as the most conspicuous poets of the new school, were, without a single exception, natives, and selected their subjects from the traditions of those provinces, in which the great mass of the population speaks a peculiar dialect, and has been for a long time subjected to foreign dominion. What a noble tribute paid to the unity

of the empire; what a convincing evidence of its indivisible nationality!

Here I must stop, leaving unnoticed many a wanderer on the banks of the Polish Ilyssus. It is not without reason that I refrain from entering the path whose starting-point is the excitement produced by the last revolution. If I do not single out one of our most recent poets for notice, it may be because there is none amongst them from whom we do not expect still finer achievements. Though I close my record here, the number of poets already mentioned may startle some among my readers: if it be so, let them recollect that the period of their appearing was one of hope and enthusiasm—sure nurses of poetry. From Krasicki to Karpiński, the national genius was witty, sprightly, lending truth the guise of fable—flinging on every side the sharpened arrows of satire, or marching on the stilts of the Dithyramb, after the fashion of its French prototype. From Woronicz to Brodzinski, while it still worshipped the received forms, it assumed a highly national character;—Mickiewicz ushered the people, hitherto unknown, unexplored, and with a heart full of poetry, into the arena of noble and inspired agency. Thus imitation and learning faded away before nationality. Revolution, then, the revolution of opinion against authority, pervades the fibres of our literature. Criticism becomes dumb when the taste of a whole race, struggling for union, is the paramount rule. The moment is, I hope, at hand when a mine hitherto unknown shall open its treasures to Great Britain, whose admiration for Eastern poetry has so much enriched her own literature. In the great Indian epic, Krishna, the envoy of God, steps into the car of the youthful hero Arjouna, and on the field of battle expounds to him a system of mystic philosophy. In a like manner, Poland will take England, her ally, into her chariot, to open for her, amidst wars and rumours of wars, the stores of her philosophy, the poetry of her people.

#### THE AMERICAN IN IRELAND.

"Edgeworth's Town, Oct. 1837.

"I hope I may speak of the family who have given this village a name so familiar to all of us, without impropriety. Certainly I may with a sincere interest, and a far deeper one than I felt before enjoying the privilege I have within the last two days. I speak of Miss Edgeworth and her household, of course. The composition of which, by the way, strikes me as rather odd, and requires a word of explanation before I go any further. The late eminent Mr. E. had four wives. Of these the last is living, and is the mistress of the establishment. She has a son, a daughter-in-law (who is Spanish,) and a grandchild in the family, besides whom there are a daughter of another of the wives, an aged and venerable sister of Miss E.'s mother, and Miss E. herself, who is the daughter of the first wife. I heard the Novelist, therefore, giving the lady of the mansion the title of 'mother,' though the latter has not much above half of her own years. She called the young man 'brother' also, though fifty years, nearly, younger than herself. Some of the circle seemed amazed with the bewilderment which my countenance, probably, showed at these recognitions, and the result was the explanation given above. It may serve a future traveller some needless confusion. They will not make the mistake, either of calling Miss E. Mrs., as many people do—or of writing her so. That is gratuitous courtesy. She lays no claim to the title, and, as you perceive by this programme, another lady does, and with justice.

"To say that this singular variety does not apparently interfere with the harmony of these four generations, and their three branches, is saying little indeed. On the contrary, to see them all together, even from the venerable dame in her easy chair down to the merry little Castilian fellow who makes all the noise, it seems as if they were made for each other, and that not one of the circle could possibly be spared. To me, as you might suppose, the most distinguished was the most interesting member. And yet I soon began to feel that it was not thereby because she was distinguished, I forgot that she was so, in the first hour, I was conscious only of enjoying that wholly unaffected, yet richly instructive conversation which is the fruit of a female mind at once gifted and culti-

vated in the highest degree. Hers may be said indeed to be steeped in the wisdom and wit of the finest society of the great British age in which she has flourished, and during the whole of which she has had, I will not say the good fortune, but the proud merit of being the object of universal esteem. Add to this her unusual opportunities of studying the character of her fellow-creatures in a humbler sphere, and the thirsting love of knowledge, the restless activity, and especially the kindly sympathies with all human beings, which have constantly led her to avail herself of these to the utmost. Add reading, such as hers has been, and reflection such as hers. Add the constant playfulness of a bright sparkling talent, which, while it never seeks to be noticed, is never satisfied to be idle. Add then a manner of which nothing can be said, because it puts you at once too much at your ease to think anything about it. A remark she made of a favourite writer of ours, reminds me of herself. She liked him very much, 'for there was't a bit of an author about him.' And there isn't a bit of an author about her. I have, in her conversation, all that is good in her novels, only it is the fresh without the formal, with the addition that it is the real too, and that it comes from Miss Edgeworth herself. I can see that mind brought out also by the conversation of others;—bussing itself in sudden sally, and easy repartee, and even in the vileness of puns—(hear it, ye haters of that diversion!) Brought out, I say; for, mind ye, she does not talk all the time, like Sam Johnson. She does not preach, as Lamb told Coleridge he did. She talks rather like Lamb himself—quietly—like anybody else in a word,—with the slight distinction only that what she says is uniformly to the purpose, whatever the purpose may be. I called her conversation the fruit of her mind. It is the fruit, rather than the effort. The stock of the tree was first-rate. It has been gloriously taken care of. And now, in the autumn of its age, it is full. Every branch bows down with glowing clusters, ready to drop at a touch, and to burst, as they drop, with their ripeness.

"You must have inferred Miss E.'s age from what I said. All the world has inferred it long ago, and I see no sense in affecting to be modest about it. If she has any one thing more than another to be proud of, or rejoice in, or if her friends have, it is the wonderful style she sustains at the age of more than seventy years. It is seventy-two by the calendar they do say; but, by the manner, not above sixty; by the mind, immortal. There is no growing old to such a mind. The warm heart alone might feed it with never exhausted youthfulness. She is still the life and delight of the sphere she moves in;—young and old, rich and poor, are equally at ease with her. She has something for each and all, and her study is to make them happy and do them good. How charming, how cheering, how blessed in its influences, is the spectacle of such a character—so distinguished, and yet so domestic—beloved even more than admired—quietly devoting a world-renowned genius, to the humble pleasure of being useful in private—unelated by admiration, unaffected by age. This is the great praise of Miss Edgeworth, after all; and it is her chief charm. It is her morale. It is the purity, the straight-forward old-fashioned hearty simplicity, the real dignity, the kindly, genial, all embracing spirit of her literature and her life alike. And how rare a praise it is! Who else, in our day, can look back on a career at once so long and so laborious, and find, at the same time, not so much only to be proud of, but so little to regret. On every thing she has written, is stamped this sacred seal of the pure mind and the warm heart of a woman, and of one whose delicacy, not less than her genius, is the glory and boast of her sex.

"It is a common impression that she is Irish by birth. 'All Irish' she calls herself indeed. She was born, however, in Oxfordshire, as it happened, though the family have been in Ireland since the reign of Elizabeth. The delightful place they occupy, with a farm of about one hundred acres, is itself an ancient estate. Mr. E. the father, is buried in the neighbouring village church—fixed in the outer wall of which, by the way, I noticed a tablet inscribed with a few beautiful lines to the memory of a faithful old housekeeper, who died in the mansion after having the charge of it for more than forty years. In front of the house is an extensive level lawn, in

English fashion, spotted with fine trees, and full of winding shady walks. Nearer, and just under the piazzas, are an abundance of flowers, in the choice and care of which one easily detects the rural taste of their owner. This, I fancy, is the novelist's own domain. She comes in to the breakfast table, from a morning's ramble, her hands dripping with her dewy treasures.

"Some of your readers may ask, has she done writing? Certainly we have an interest to know, if not a right, and I ventured to intimate as much. She took it in good part, and made a reply, from which I inferred that she writes on, but grows more cautious, having nobody since her father's death, as she modestly observed, to help her to correct. Her American reputation seems especially dear to her, and she keeps up a lively interest in our concerns. I noticed a shelf-full of our books in her large library, and on the table lay the last number of the *North American Review*, which a Philadelphia friend has sent her, she says, these twenty years. Numerous Bostonians she inquired after with interest. She mentioned also a special friend in North Carolina, by name. I observed that I did not know her. 'O no!' she replied, 'she isn't famous—she only *deserves* to be!—Look here at her letters,' and she pointed to a thick pile of them, as carefully cherished as her heaps of Walter Scott's or Ricardo's. This favoured lady, I think, is a Jewess. And this reminds me that I met an accomplished Catholic family at the house as her guests. They went one way on the Sabbath, while we went another. Her acquaintances with the sect are many and intimate, I believe; and in this country, as things now are, the fact speaks volumes both for her liberality and her independence. Till the whole Protestant population (who must take the lead) imbibe this spirit, Ireland may be held by factions, choosing to call themselves Christians; and, to make good that title, they may fight each other like the Kilkenny cats, till one or the other is devoured to the tip of the tail; but certainly she can have no religion, and of course no repose!"

"Limerick, Oct. 1837.

"I have been coming westward to-day, descending the Shannon. Of Limerick there is little to say. With the exception of a few decent streets, and a superb stone bridge built by the government, at the cost of 100,000*l.*, it is an indifferent place, not without trade, but remarkable for nothing that I can find out but the swarms of its beggars, and beggarly-looking people but slightly above that degree. In all parts of this country these gentry abound. Actually one-third of the population (by accurate census) live by begging of the residue, a part of the year at least; and whenever travellers are likely to pass, there are they most sure to be seen. At Ballymahon, when I came down the steps of the inn to mount my jaunting-car, no less than twelve old women stood on either hand in ambuscade. Most of the poor creatures were diseased or decrepit. One miserable wretch ran a swollen tongue out of his mouth, which he kept stationary in that position, as a labour-saving signal of distress. Two or three had children about them. It is next to impossible to get rid of them, without paying your tax. You may call them idlers or impostors; reason as you please on the policy of alms-giving; and feel ever so indignant that Daniel O'Connell should stand in the way of a regular poor-law which should systematize this charity, and relieve the public of such hordes of travelling nuisances by setting these people to work. But it won't do. Your money must be forthcoming, more or less. As the cheapest get-off, you find yourself ransacking your pockets for copper; the ghastly coterie crowds more greedily round you; the lame now leap, and the blind see, all at once; your *douceur* is discharged in the midst of the ragged *mêlée*; and you make your escape just as the shuffle commences, thanking your stars that the running of such a gauntlet cannot befall you till another stage. There, however, be assured, wherever it is, if you stay one moment, a shoal of the same fry will be thrusting their naked arms out at you, on all sides at once, with a volley from each, of those strange violent ejaculations of begging eloquence which the vocabulary of the Irish mendicants is so peculiarly rich in. Sometimes I walk on ahead of the car, when they change horses, to avoid this avalanche of beggary. At other times, say in the morning, ere the din of duns has exhausted my patience



or my pockets altogether.—I do brace my nerves up, (like one going under a cold shower-bath in December,) and wait to encounter the rush. It is no mean study, I assure you. This eloquence itself is a curiosity. The Irish beggars surpass all others in appeals to the heart. Franklin himself could no more resist them than he did Whitefield, when the preacher emptied his well-buttoned pockets of copper, silver, and gold. And then so little satisfies them! A John-Bull beggar has a professional scrutinizing leer in his face. He begs with bad grace, and thanks you scarcely at all. But the Irishman shows a whole soul. A half-penny brings out a warm shower-bath of blessings, equal to the volley of appeals with which he attacked you. Language is exhausted of its dialect of gratitude. More than once this fervid return has made me ashamed of my paltry alms,—before I could suggest to myself the obvious consolation that the use of this vocabulary is with multitudes, nearly as much a matter of mere practice, as the grinding of 'Sweet Home' on an old hand-organ. It is well delivered, however—extremely well. None but a beggar of genius could so perform. None other could get up the vocabulary itself, any more than deliver it, though anybody might get it by heart. And then the tact with which strangers are studied extempore? The moment they make their appearance, their description and their destiny seem to be settled. All things indeed these fellows are to all men—and to women still more, by the way. Oh! the blarney—the blarney! The genuine, the home-brewed! Take Italy for music, if you like, and France for conversation; take America for speech-making, and England for oaths; but here is the place for blarney; and an Irish beggar's blarney, addressing an Englishwoman, carries the thing to its climax.

It is remarkable what an effect on the character of the people this running at large of such swarms of mendicants appears to have had. They are really so considerable a part of the population that they make the practice popular, if not fashionable. Public sentiment gets comparatively in favour of begging as an occupation. The original delicacy which most beggars were once troubled with at first, has long ago disappeared. The poor Irish are not saucy, or sullen, or stupid, but they are amazingly nonchalant. Begging becomes like breathing to them. They are born and bred in the business. Half their neighbours are beggars, and live on the rest; and their ancestors, for generations, very likely, have been beggars before them. They have not even the embarrassment of an English pauper. The latter is apt to be brazen-faced, but at the same time of an abject spirit. He is a confined creature, put on allowance. The Irishman is neither one nor the other. The world is all before him, where to choose; the climate is mild, the laws allow him, and he rambles, burrows, and caters like a gipsy, easily satisfied, and never discouraged. The profession is crowded then, from fashion and choice, as much as necessity. And again we see the effect of this state of things on those who do not beg. The poor, above begging, take much less care to distinguish themselves from the beggars, since the latter are not so much held in contempt. It is common to see porters and waiters stand in rags, and a car driver in Dublin shall drive you a party of fine ladies over the whole city, with one sleeve to his jacket, and the crown of his cracked hat flaring up and down like a ventricle. They have a self-respect, but the notion of external appearance never occurs to their minds as a part of it. Rags are in vogue. Half the population is ragged. All are ragged but those who are rich, I may say. The community is divided between those two parties.

And, by the way, as I said of begging and blarney, if you wish to see rags in perfection—if you would know what expression, eloquence, genius, aye, what grace there is in shreds, patches, and tatters, scientifically spread out and duly set forth—Ireland is the place for you. We talk of ragged looking people; we speak of a ragged coat or so; but here it is all rags, from top to toe; rags patched, pieced, lapped, coloured; rags swinging at the waistbands, and dangling by the legs. In the north, one morning, I remember a posse of boys rushing out upon us, as the car rattled by their fathers' hovels, to get, if possible, a halfpenny of one of the passengers, and two miles at least, some of them scrambled after us, up hill and down, in mud and mire, bare-headed,

bare-footed, bare-legged, and in fact a bare-faced proceeding, altogether, it was, and fitter for bears than for human beings.—I was ready, however, to pity some of the ragamuffins at last, being a novice in such manoeuvres; but the driver put me at ease. 'I knows them chaps well, yer honour,' he said. 'They live as comfortable as I do; but every day, just as the cars comes, they strip their trowsers off and give us a regular run. There's no mistake in them fellers!' After a while he cracked a kind of joke on the quarters of one of the leaders of the phalanx, a small Jim Crow of a fellow, which seemed to tell well, for, yelping a little, the little vagabond shuffled off sideways and jumped about and wheeled about, and finally disappeared, and the entire ragged detachment streamed away after him, like sheep leaping a wall, and made their departure as suddenly as they made their debut. The whole demonstration amused me. There was a discipline, a training in it, equal to Baron Steuben, though the charge was more in the style of Pulaski. I almost regretted its want of success, but doubtless they do get plunder sometimes. There was a small fortune vested in the rags alone of this prancing cohort of loafers; and a style and a drill like this, I'm sure, can't be supported for nothing."

## OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

WE hear from Newcastle that the preparations for the Meeting of the British Association are going on with great spirit. A room which will hold 4000 persons is now fitting up for the evening meetings, and a dining-room that will accommodate 900. Already 600 local Members are enrolled, and more than 2,500, has been obtained by local subscription. 1000 ladies' tickets are to be issued, and they will be admitted to two of the Sections. There is to be an Exhibition of Models, Philosophical Instruments, and Products of National Industry; which will consist of two parts:—*Specimens connected with the Arts and the Development of National Industry.* 1st, Local.—Articles, manufactured in the district, showing the nature of the products of local industry—the present state of the manufactures.—*Specimens illustrating the improvement or progress of the several branches.* 2nd, General.—Products of industry from all parts of the kingdom.—*Specimens illustrating the different steps from the raw material to the finished article, and raw materials of a less common kind, which are or may be applied to useful purposes in the arts.* *Mechanical and Philosophical*, consisting of Models of machines, or parts of machines, old, new, or improved; or illustrating the gradual progress of invention.—*Models of workings in mines.*—*Philosophical instruments.*—*Remarkable minerals.*—*Interesting geological sections.*—*Fossils.*—*Rare or curious specimens in any of the branches of natural history.*

Two more of the Quarterly Reviews have been published this week.—the *British and Foreign* and the *London and Westminster*. The latter offers us a confession of the modified faith according to which it has been recently conducted, in a clear, judicious, and eloquent article on Bentham; another paper of interest is devoted to the courts of Elizabeth and Anne,—rich in its sketches of character; a third has "old Montaigne" for its text, and is written in the true Catholic spirit of its subject. Besides the above, which may be considered as ballast, the number contains a paper on wood-engraving, somewhat over-illustrated—another made up of selections from the privately printed poems of Mr. Milnes—and one on English and French rural life, to which Mr. Howitt's recent work and 'Les Derniers Bretons' of M. Emile Souvestre serve by way of text. There is also an essay on domestic service, the authorship of which may be divined from the signature. This is worthy of consideration as an exponent of opinion. The writer has put forth all the force of a well-practised pen, to heighten the colours of the abuses he (*she*) denounces; confidently refers the origin of domestic discontents, insubordinations, and imperfect service to the days of the Norman Conquest!—and, taking the dilemma by the horns, roundly declares, "that the Americans have got nearer to the right principle of domestic service than have any of our European societies; but that the relation is impaired by the intrusion of European

prejudices." Now, we cannot but feel that in all this the reviewer "doth profess too much," and that his paper, therefore, amounts to nothing more than an eager party-pleading, on the extreme side of liberty and equality, in which enthusiasm has hurried the advocate beyond the line of sober reason. His philanthropy, however, is met, and with a vengeance, by an orator in the *British and Foreign Review*—most noisily eloquent on the side of authority—who fills a hundred pages and more with diatribe against Mr. Serjeant Talfourd's 'Custody of Infants Bill,' and that spirit of agitation, that disposition to inquire into its rights, so largely spreading (he says) among the weaker sex. Weaker, indeed, does the reviewer loudly proclaim women to be—as superior in cunning as they are inferior in reason—only to be restrained within bounds by bars, bolts, and cages, and whose run-away propensities are receiving encouragement perilous to all heads of families. Such a loud blast of the trumpet on so small a matter we have not often heard; but for those interested in the subject of male and female domination, the paper will be rescued from tediousness by its violent earnestness. The Review contains, besides this angry outpouring of words, an article on Hope's Architecture,—an elaborate review of Mr. Bulwer's Athens, a third paper on the Queen's Court and Household,—a fourth, on the English Historical Society, which, as detailing the proceedings of a close body of labourers, is interesting—a fifth, on Canadian matters, somewhat out of date. It is a pity that, with all the cleverness and learning displayed in particular essays, this periodical should still remain so constant to "unreadiness" and apparent want of presiding purpose on the part of those conducting it.

## BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.

The GALLERY, with a SELECTION of PICTURES by ITALIAN, SPANISH, FLEMISH, DUTCH, and FRENCH MASTERS, is OPEN DAILY, from Ten in the Morning until Six in the Evening.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

## NOW OPEN, DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

NEW EXHIBITION, representing TIVOLI, with a view of the Cascades; and the Interior of the BASILICA OF ST. PAUL, before and after its destruction by fire.—Both Pictures are painted by Les Chevaliers Bouton.—Open from 12 till 6 o'clock. The Diorama has opened one of its new marvels to the public.—*Athenæum*.  
"The minute care with which the whole work has been finished is astonishing."—*Times*.  
"The illusion is complete."—*Morning Post*.

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

## ROYAL SOCIETY.

June 21.—Francis Baily, Esq. V.P. and Treasurer, in the chair.

The Treasurer announced from the chair that his Royal Highness the President and the Members of the Council had waited on Her Majesty, for the purpose of receiving Her Majesty's signature in the Charter-Book as Patroness of the Society.

The reading of Mr. Whewell's paper on Tides was concluded.

'Researches on the Tides.' Ninth Series. On the deduction of the Laws of the Tides, from Short Series of Observations. By the Rev. W. Whewell, M.A. Trin. Coll., Cambridge.

It is very desirable to ascertain whether it is possible to deduce the laws of the tides from short series of observations; since, if it be so, not only does the construction of good tide tables for different places become more easy, but also the value of tide tables is much increased, if the predicted tides agree with those of each year as well as with the mean of many years. The object of the author in this paper is to determine this point by the discussion of several years' observations of the tides at Plymouth and at Bristol. The calculations for the former place were executed by Mr. Dession and Mr. Ross in the Hydrographer's Office at the Admiralty; the calculations for Bristol were performed by Mr. Blunt, in virtue of a grant of money from the British Association. The result of these discussions is, that a very regular form and good approximation for the semi-menstrual inequality may be obtained from the observations of one year; that the existence of the lunar parallax corrections appears very clearly in the observations of one year; and that its value may be determined from a series of three or four years. The lunar declination corrections are more irregularly given by short series of observations: but in a

series of four or five years, the general form and approximate value of the corrections become manifest. In the course of these calculations such questions as the following were proposed, and their solution attempted: 1. To which transit of the moon ought we to refer the tide? It appears that the transit which produces the best accordance with theory, is that which Mr. Lubbock terms transit B, which is an epoch about forty-two hours anterior to the high water at Bristol and Plymouth. 2. How does a change of the epoch affect, first, the semimenstrual inequality; secondly, the parallax correction of the time; thirdly, the declination correction of the times; fourthly, the parallax correction of heights; and fifthly, the declination correction of the heights? 3. Does the parallax corrections of height vary as the parallax? 4. Does the parallax correction of time vary as the parallax? 5. Does the declination correction of the heights vary as the square of the declination? 6. Does the declination correction of time vary as the square of the declination? 7. Can the laws of the corrections be deduced from a single year? 8. Are there any regular differences between the corrections of successive years? 9. Do the corrections at different places agree in themselves? It does not appear that any change of the epoch will produce an accordance of the observed laws with the theory, some of the inequalities requiring one epoch for this purpose, and some requiring another. The inequalities in different years and different places are also compared. Mr. Whewell remarks, that since it has now been shown that good tide tables may be obtained from short series of observations, his researches with regard to the determination of the lunar corrections may be concluded; and the proper mode of farther prosecuting the subject, would be to have tide observations at several stations, each observer reducing its own observations, and thus constantly improving the tables, as is practised in other branches of Astronomy.

This being the last meeting of the session, the titles of a number of other papers were read, the nature of which will be understood from the following abstracts:—

On the Structure of the Teeth, the vascularity of those Organs, and their relation to Bone.' By John Tomes, Esq. Communicated by Thomas Bell, Esq., Professor of Zoology in King's College, London.

The microscopical examinations which the author has made of the structure of the teeth of man and various animals, lead him to the conclusion that their bony portions are formed of minute tubes, disposed in a radiated arrangement, in lines proceeding everywhere perpendicularly from the inner surface of the cavity containing the pulp. These tubuli are surrounded by a transparent material, which cements them together into a solid and dense mass. He finds, by applying the test of muriatic acid, that carbonate as well as phosphate of lime enters into their composition. In man, the tubuli, during their divergence from their origin at the surface of the central cavity, send off a number of very minute fibrils; and on approaching the enamel or the granular substance, which cover respectively the crown and the fangs of the tooth, the tubuli divide into smaller ones, which freely anastomose with one another, and then either are continued into the enamel, or terminate at the boundary between these two substances. Various modifications of this structure, exhibited in the teeth of different animals, in the class Mammalia and Fishes more particularly, are minutely described. The granular substance appears to be composed of irregularly shaped osseous granules, imbedded in the same kind of transparent medium which cements the tubuli together. External to the granular portion, the author finds another substance entering into the formation of the simple tooth, and commencing where the enamel terminates; and which he describes as beginning by a thin and transparent layer containing only a few dark fibres, which pass directly outwards; but assuming, as it proceeds towards the apex of the fang, greater thickness and opacity, and traversed by vessels. External to the enamel, and in close connexion with it, in compound teeth, is situated the crusta petrosa, a substance very similar to the bony layer of the simple tooth. It contains numerous corpuscles, and is traversed by numerous vessels entering it from without, and anastomosing freely with one another, but terminating in its sub-

stance. These investigations of the structure of the different component parts of teeth, furnish abundant evidence of their vascularity and consequent vitality.

'On the Evolution of Nitrogen during the Growth of Plants, and the sources from whence they derive that element.' By Robert Rigg, Esq. Communicated by the Rev. J. B. Reade, M.A., &c.

In this communication the author follows up his inquiry into the influence and importance of nitrogen in vegetable physiology, by noticing, in the first place, the experiments of Dr. Daubeny, M. de Saussure, Sir Humphry Davy, and those which he himself has made; all of which tend to prove that nitrogen is evolved during the healthy performance of the functions of plants; that the proportion which it bears to the oxygen given off is influenced by the sun's rays; but that owing to the necessary exclusion of the external atmosphere, during the progress of the experiments, it is impossible, with any degree of accuracy, to calculate the volume of these evolved gases during any period of the growth of plants in their natural state. If to this indefinite quantity of nitrogen given off by plants there be added that definite volume incorporated into their substance and shown in the author's former tables, the question arises, Whence do plants derive their nitrogen, and does any part of it proceed from the atmosphere? A problem which the author proposes to solve by a series of tabulated experiments upon seeds, and seedling plants, indicating a large excess of nitrogen in the latter, and under such circumstances of growth that he is compelled to fix upon the atmosphere as its source. By the same mode of experimenting, the author attempts to show that the differences which we find in the germination of seeds and the growth of plants in the shade and sunshine, are apparently due in a great measure to the influence of nitrogen. And he concludes by observing, that he does not touch upon the practical application of the subject wherein the real value of the inquiry consists; it is his object to draw attention to an element which, though in some instances so minute in quantity as to be with difficulty detected in our balances, has nevertheless been wisely assigned to discharge the most important functions.

'On the Decussation of Fibres at the Junction of the Medulla Spinalis with the Medulla Oblongata.' By John Hilton, Esq. Communicated by P. M. Roget, M.D., Sec. R.S.

The author first alludes to what usually happens in affections of the brain, namely, that the loss of voluntary power and of sensation manifest themselves in the opposite side of the body to that in which the cerebral lesion exists, a fact which has been attempted to be explained by the crossing of the fibres at the junction of the medulla oblongata with the anterior or motor columns of the medulla spinalis; but such a structure, he observes, affords no explanation of the loss of sensation. The author then, referring to the communication of Sir Charles Bell to the Royal Society, in the year 1825, describing a decussation connected with the posterior columns of sensation, mentions that the accuracy of these dissections was doubted by Mr. Mayo and other eminent anatomists. The author proceeds to state that the symptoms of cerebral lesion do not always take place on the opposite side of the body to that in which the lesion of the brain exists, but that they occur sometimes on the same side; that the loss of power and of sensation, although confined to the same side, may exist in either the upper or the lower extremity; but that both are not necessarily implicated; and that, in fact, cases occur where there are marked deviations from what may be considered the more common occurrence. Having observed such cases, and not being aware of any satisfactory explanation, the author examined with care the continuation upwards of the anterior and posterior columns of the spinal marrow into the medulla oblongata, and found that the decussation at the upper part of the spinal marrow belonged in part to the columns for motion, and in part to the columns for sensation; and farther, that the decussation is only partial with respect to either of these columns; thus elucidating by the observation of the actual structure what before appeared very unsatisfactory in pathology, and anomalous in disease. The paper is illustrated by drawings made from the dissections of the author.

'Description of a Self-Registering Thermometer

and Barometer Invented by the late James Coggan, Esq., and bequeathed by him to the Royal Society.' By Roderick Impey Murchison, Esq., V.P.G.S., &c.

The self-registering thermometer used by Mr. Coggan is of Six's construction, and consists in a siphon tube, open at one extremity, and operating by the expansion and contraction of a large body of spirit pressing on a column of mercury in the lower bend of the tube. On the other side of the wooden frame to which this thermometer is fixed, a siphon barometer is attached; and both these instruments are made to act on iron floats suspended by a thread, and counterpoised over a pulley. Transverse wires are affixed to these threads, and are forced against a sheet of ruled paper on a frame, which by its connexion with a clock is advanced a certain space each day, by a spring hammer connected with the striking machinery of the clock.

'On the Action of Light upon the Colour of the River Sponge.' By John Hogg, M.A., F.L.S., C.P.S., &c., Fellow of St. Peter's College, Cambridge. Communicated by Thomas Bell, Esq.

The author found that the green colour of the *Spongia fluviatilis*, or river sponge, is acquired solely through the agency of light, and is lost when the sponge is removed from the influence of light. As this does not appear to be the case with Actineæ, the *Hydra viridis*, or any other Polypes, the author is disposed to consider this production as being nearer allied to the Algae or Fungi, than to any tribe belonging to the animal kingdom.

'Researches in Oology.' By Martin Barry, M.D. F.R.S.E. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians in Edinburgh. Communicated by P. M. Roget, M.D. Sec. R.S.

A valuable paper, but too purely professional to interest the general reader.

'Contributions to the Physiology of Vision.' By Charles Wheatstone, Esq., F.R.S., Professor of Experimental Philosophy in King's College, London. Part the First. 'On some remarkable and hitherto unobserved Phenomena of Binocular Vision.'

The author first shows that the perspective projections of an object upon the two retinae differ according to the distance at which the object is placed before the eyes; if it be placed so distant that to view it the optic axis must be parallel, the two projections are precisely similar, but if it be placed so near that to regard it the optic axes must converge, a different perspective projection is presented to each eye; and these perspectives become more dissimilar as the convergence of the optic axes becomes greater. Notwithstanding this dissimilarity between the two pictures, which is in some cases very great, the object is still seen single; contrary to the very prevalent metaphysical opinion, that the single appearance of objects seen by both eyes is owing to their pictures falling on corresponding points of the two retinae. After establishing these principles, the author proceeds to ascertain what would result from presenting the two monocular perspectives, drawn on plane surfaces, to the two eyes, so that they shall fall on the same parts of the two retinae as the projections from the object itself would; several means are described by which this may be accomplished; but the author recommends in preference for this purpose an apparatus called by him a stereoscope, which enables the observer to view the resulting appearances without altering the ordinary adaptation of the eyes, and therefore without subjecting these organs to any strain or fatigue. It consists of two plain mirrors with their backs inclined to each other at an angle of 90°, near the fans of which the two monocular pictures are so placed that their reflected images are seen by the two eyes, one placed before each mirror in the same place: the apparatus has various adjustments, by means of which the magnitude of the images on the retinae may be varied, and the optic axes differently converged. If the two monocular pictures be thus presented one to each eye, the mind will perceive, from their combined effect, a figure of three dimensions, the exact counterpart of the object from which the pictures were drawn; to show that this curious illusion does not in the least depend on shading or colouring, the illustrations principally employed are simple outline figures, which give for their perceived resultants skeleton forms of three dimensions. Each monocular outline figure is the representation of two dissimilar skeleton forms, the

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one which it was intended to represent, and another, which Prof. Wheatstone calls its converse figure; viewed by one eye alone the outline may with equal ease be imagined to be either, but when the two monocular pictures are viewed one by each eye, the proper or the complementary form may be fixed in the mind; the former, if the right and left pictures be presented respectively to the right and left eyes, and the latter, if the right picture be presented to the left eye, and the left picture to the right eye. Many new experiments are then detailed, and a variety of instances of false perception of visual objects, some new, others formerly observed, are traced to these principles, among others the well-known apparent conversion of cameos into intaglios. The author next proceeds to show that pictures similar in form but differing in magnitude within certain limits, when presented one to each eye, are perceived by the mind to be single and of intermediate size; and also that when totally dissimilar pictures which cannot be combined by the mind into the resemblance of any accustomed objects, are presented one to each eye, they are in general not seen together but alternately. The memoir concludes with a review of the various hypotheses which have been advanced to account for our seeing objects single with two eyes; and the author states his views respecting the influence which these newly developed facts are calculated to have on the decision of this much debated question.

The Society then adjourned over the long vacation, to meet again on the 15th of November next.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY (*Gen. Business*)...Three. P.M.  
THE BOTANICAL SOCIETY.....Eight.

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

##### ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

This Evening, THE WITCH OF DERNCLEUGH; with a New Farce; and Other Entertainments.  
On Monday, The Romantic Drama of THE EVIL EYE; with a New Farce; to which will be added, a COMIC BALLET; to conclude with the Farce of THE SPITFIRE.

St. James's Theatre.—'Il Torneo'—the opera by Lord Burghersh, rehearsed not long since at the Hanover-Square Rooms, and performed yesterday week at the St. James's Theatre, before an audience principally made up of the aristocracy, and the most distinguished members of the musical profession—stands so nearly in the same category with those pleasant anomalies, privately-published books, as almost to be placed by courtesy beyond the pale of strict criticism. Its reception must have gratified the noble *maestro*, who was called for, lustily, when the curtain had fallen, and saluted with "*Bravos*" and bouquets, after the enthusiastic Italian fashion. We are by no means sure, however, that the intrinsic merit of the work would command similar demonstrations from a general and less prejudiced audience. 'Il Torneo' contains much smooth and pleasing melody, but is no more dramatic, as a composition, than a set of Blangini's chamber duets would be, if strung together. Indeed, that Lord Burghersh feels himself deficient in the power of grappling with contrast and situation—of working up emotion to a climax—may be inferred from his having consented to waste time and melody upon such a thoroughly worthless and insipid libretto: for the plot of 'Il Torneo' consists of a series of dialogues between one walking lady and three walking gentlemen. To descend from general features to details, we must remark the want of workman-like cleverness in the connexion of the several pieces of music, no less than of variety in their treatment. The recitatives are spiritless and meagre, and without any of those significant and sparkling orchestral touches, wherewith a judicious artist knows how to sustain and interrupt dialogue: there is a general sameness of form in most of the concerted *morceaux*, a predilection for the round or canon, which, however effective by way of change, when carried throughout a whole work, is felt to be mechanical and fatiguing. Some of the choruses, however, are very pretty; and so are two airs, given to Miss Wyndham and Mrs. Bishop, either of which we prefer to Sig. Ivanoff's romance, which owes its success to the long-drawn tones of his delicious voice:—besides these must be specified two quartetts—one in each *finale*.

But, if the intrinsic character of the work be a gentle insipidity, it was enhanced, rather than neutralized, by those to whose execution it was committed. Mrs. Bishop, as *prima donna*, to our disappointment, showed few signs of that vivacity and spirit, which those familiar with her concert-singing might reasonably expect. Her voice, too, wants the fulness of *timbre* which is essential to theatrical effect; while her indistinct articulation amounts, on the stage, to disqualification. As a singer, too, Miss F. Wyndham was never heard to greater advantage,—but she, too, wants force, and is awkward and tame as an actress. Signor Ivanoff is no less essentially a mere vocalist than the ladies in question,—while Mr. Stretton, whom we have seen effective in performance, was disabled—either by the nothingness of his part, or the strangeness of the Italian language. We have dwelt on this work, being anxious to recognize sincere devotion to art, as displayed by one of the aristocracy—a body too apt to patronize without understanding. It is curious enough, that, at this very time, an opera should be in preparation in Paris, by a noble French amateur—M. le Prince de la Moskowa. Some of his romances are very ingeniously and expressively composed.

#### MISCELLANEA

Steam Boats in England.—A contemporary, in a notice of Mr. Porter's late work, states that we English have more boats than any other country, or indeed than all other countries together. Mr. Porter certainly makes no such statement; and nothing can be further from the truth. From Judge Hall's Statistical Notes on the West (published within a few weeks), we learn that more than 800, probably 1000, boats have been employed on the western waters alone since 1811. There are said to be 300 at least now. On Lake Erie, by the same account, they are 50 and more (which have carried 200,000 passengers westward this last season). In a word, the American in round numbers, are rated at some hundreds above ours.

Preservation of Corn.—We sometime back reported the experiments of M. Vallery on the preservation of grain; and, considering the importance of the subject, we do not hesitate at again referring to it, in order to state the means proposed by General Demarçay. Thinking that all granaries were but imperfect shelters from the vicissitudes of weather, this gentleman has made use of an ice-house situated on his estate, but no longer used as such. Its depth was sufficient to render it impervious to atmospheric changes, and he lined it with wooden planks so as to form a large case, but which was at some little distance from the bottom and the sides of the ice-house, so that it was not liable to the damp of the surrounding earth, and allowed a free circulation of air round its exterior. The corn was placed so as to fill the case to within a yard of the top; three layers of loose planks were placed at a third of a yard distance between each, and the roof was then formed of thatch, and in a conical shape. The experiment has lasted twelve years, and been constantly attended with satisfactory results. The same grain has remained there for three years, without the slightest alteration, and, what is remarkable, some newly-threshed corn, which had been completely wetted while it was measured in the open air, having been placed in the case, was three weeks afterwards found to be as dry and glossy as flax seed. M. Libri states that this plan has a striking analogy to the means proposed by Father Castelli, one of the most illustrious disciples of Galileo, who published his suggestions in Bologna, in 1669, in a work which he called 'Opusculi Philosophici.' These Opusculi are so little known, and contain a number of the most interesting articles; among others are some which explain optical illusions, and others which contain experiments on the radiation of heat, proving that, as far back as 1638, the Italians knew the basis of the theory of radiating heat.

Attraction.—M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire has read a memoir before the Academy of Sciences in Paris, in which he announces his intention of pursuing his endeavours to establish this system of unity. The above memoir treats of the law of universal gravitation of Newton, as bearing on his system, and which law M. Geoffroy hopes to extend by his own efforts.

In the form of a question he hints at the principle of reciprocal attraction, as calculated to explain the hitherto inexplicable phenomenon of life.

South America.—Mr. Pentland, the Consul-General of Bolivia, has been measuring the heights of several points of the Cordillera, and the limit of eternal snow; he has also repeated his measurements made in 1827. He has hitherto been unable to measure an arc of the meridian, owing to the political state of the country at present, but he states that the situation of the elevated plain in which Lake Titicaca is placed is most favourable for the purpose; a base may be found there of five leagues, which is capable of embracing a space comprised between 14½° and 19½° of south latitude, and a mean height of 3750 metres.

Differences existing between Pears and Apples.—A long and interesting memoir has been presented by M. Turpin to the French Academy of Sciences, on the difference existing between the cellular tissues of the apple and pear, which observations are extended to knots of wood, to ligneous kernels, to the calcareous concretions found in the mantle of the Arions, and to the ossification of animals in general. Those authors most tenacious concerning the establishment of these two vegetables as different genera, have drawn their characters from the adherence of the lower part of the five styles, to their villosity, to the spheroid form of the fruit, and to the stalk being set in a cavity; characters which are frequently effaced. M. Turpin founds his on the absence or presence of those stony concretions which are to be met with in the cellular tissue of the pear. These concretions he attributes to the aggregation of little globules, which by degrees become clogged with an indigestible matter, which is confusedly deposited in molecules, and from which they receive their opaqueness, hardness, and colour, and to which he gives the name of Sclérogène. This name of Sclérogène M. Turpin also gives to all matters which are foreign to organization, which are first held in suspension, then deposited and become hard in the internal cells of the hollow and elementary organs of tissues. Of the cause of this deposit in the pear he is perfectly ignorant at present, but each concretion chemically analyzed, consists of bladders of cellular tissue, globules or fecula contained in these bladders, and the Sclérogène, or indigestible matter, confusedly accumulated and mingled with the globules of fecula. They may be compared to numerous partial and isolated concretions in the cellular tissue of certain animals, although the latter are composed of different substances, especially those of the snail. The progress and manner of formation in these concretions, M. Turpin thinks admirably calculated to show the progress of allosification, whether animal or vegetable.

Annelidae.—In addition to what has been before stated concerning this class of animals, we find, that M. Milne Edwards has further discovered that many of them have not red blood. Consequently, the principal character which has hitherto distinguished them, will become one of minor importance.

Instruction.—According to a calculation recently made, the number of pupils who frequent the elementary schools of France, amounts to 2,332,580. There are 473 of these schools established in different parts of Paris.

Copper.—A vein of copper has been discovered in the parish of Cressels, in the arrondissement of Milhan, which promises to produce considerable quantities.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We may remind our scientific friends, that the British Association will assemble on the 20th of August, at Newcastle-on-Tyne. Our arrangements for reporting the proceedings are made on the same scale as those of former years, and we trust our report will be found equally full and satisfactory. At the same time, and while we acknowledge, with sincere thanks, the very general assistance we have heretofore received from all the officers and the most influential members, we would suggest to those who intend to read papers, that it would greatly facilitate our labours, and tend to insure that accuracy which is so desirable, if they would come prepared with an abstract. This they can deliver either to the gentleman who will report the proceedings in the particular Section in which the paper is read, or to the son of the editor, who will, as at Liverpool and Bristol, be present some days prior to the meeting. Where diagrams are required to illustrate the argument, it is obviously desirable that they should be forwarded to our office in Wellington Street North, even prior, if possible, to the meeting, that the drawings may be put at once into the hands of the engraver.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

**KING'S COLLEGE, London.—JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.**—The Classes in the School will be **RE-OPENED ON TUESDAY, the 14th of August** next, at Nine o'clock in the morning.

H. J. ROSE, R.D., Principal.  
The Medical School will be Re-opened on Monday, the 1st of October, and the Senior Department on Tuesday, the 2nd of October next.

## TO INVALIDS GOING ABROAD.

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## SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF BRITISH ART.

The following Distribution of Pictures purchased this Season, took place at Messrs. Colnaghi's, Pall Mall East, on Saturday last, the 21st inst. at 4 o'clock, in pursuance of notice previously given.

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